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THE SPHERE, FEBRUARY 16, 1935
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Vol. CXL. No. 1830 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — FEB. 16 1935

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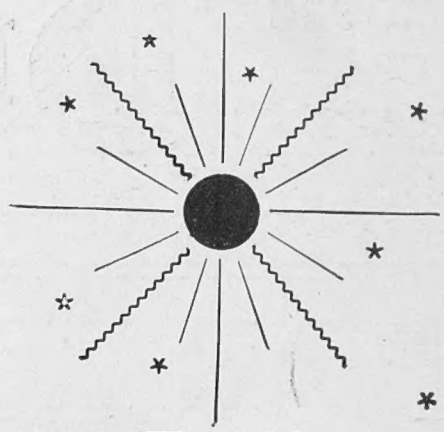

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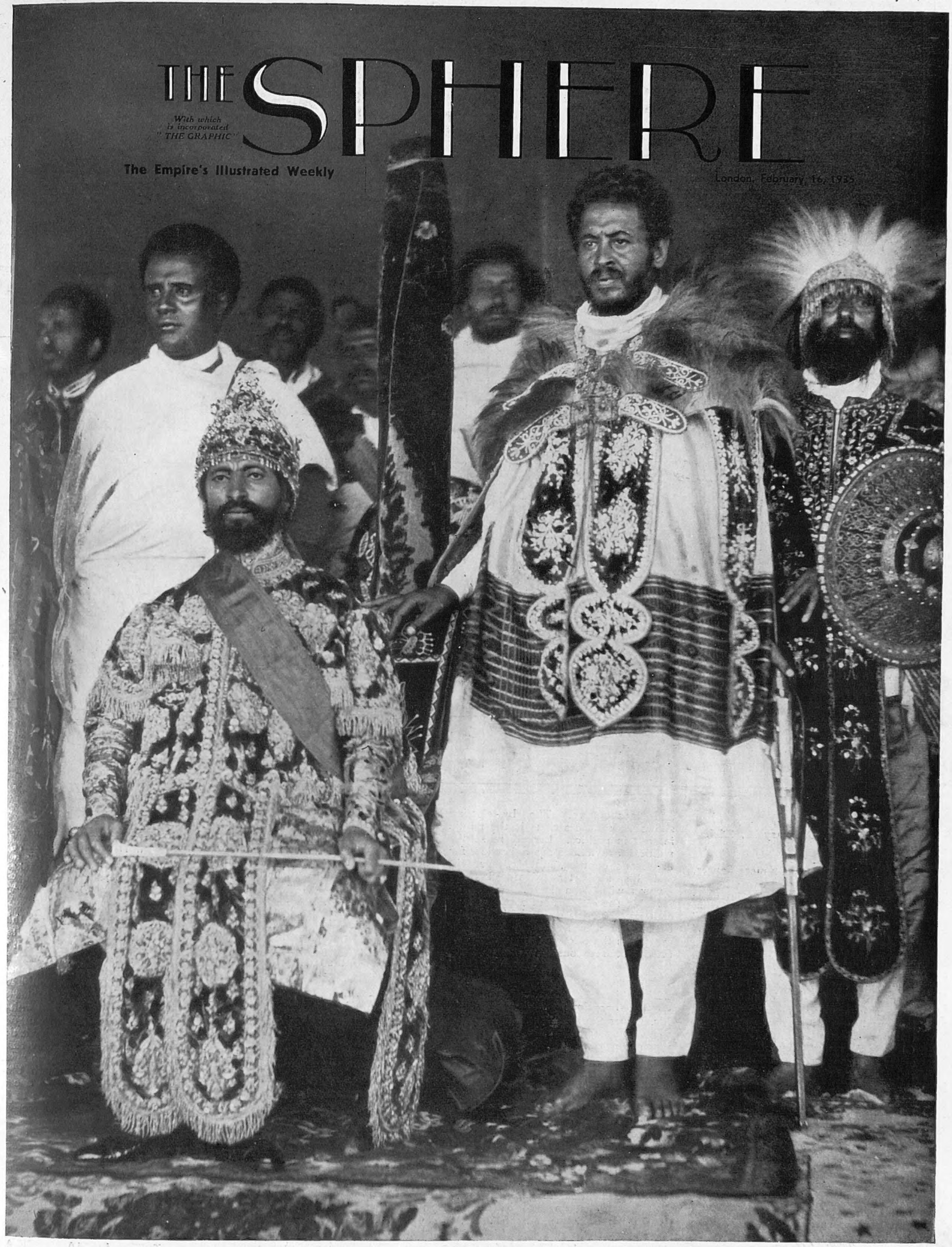
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, February 16, 1935



The Italo—Abyssinian Crisis

His Imperial Majesty Haill Silassie I, Emperor of Ethiopia, who is seen in this picture seated on his throne, is to-day one of the central figures in a dispute which may have the most serious consequences. On Tuesday of this week it was announced, but not officially, that Mussolini had sent a demand to Abyssinia for an indemnity of £1,000,000, a formal apology, and a bareheaded salute to the Italian flag, as redress for attacks by tribesmen on Italian Somaliland troops. At the time of going to press the situation is critical. Abyssinia's attitude up to the present has been one of defiance, and Italy is reported to be mobilizing a force under General Rudolpho Graziani, former Vice-Governor of Cyrenaica. The general belief in well-informed circles in Rome is that the country wishes if possible to avoid war, but on the other hand Italy is known to be expansively minded in regard to her African colonies, and also she has not forgotten Adowa—the disastrous battle in 1896 when her army was decimated by the Abyssinians. The present ruler of Ethiopia was crowned Emperor in 1930 amid scenes of amazing splendour and in the presence of royal representatives from all parts of the world. He is an enlightened monarch, but in his attempt to westernize the institutions of his State he has met with considerable opposition

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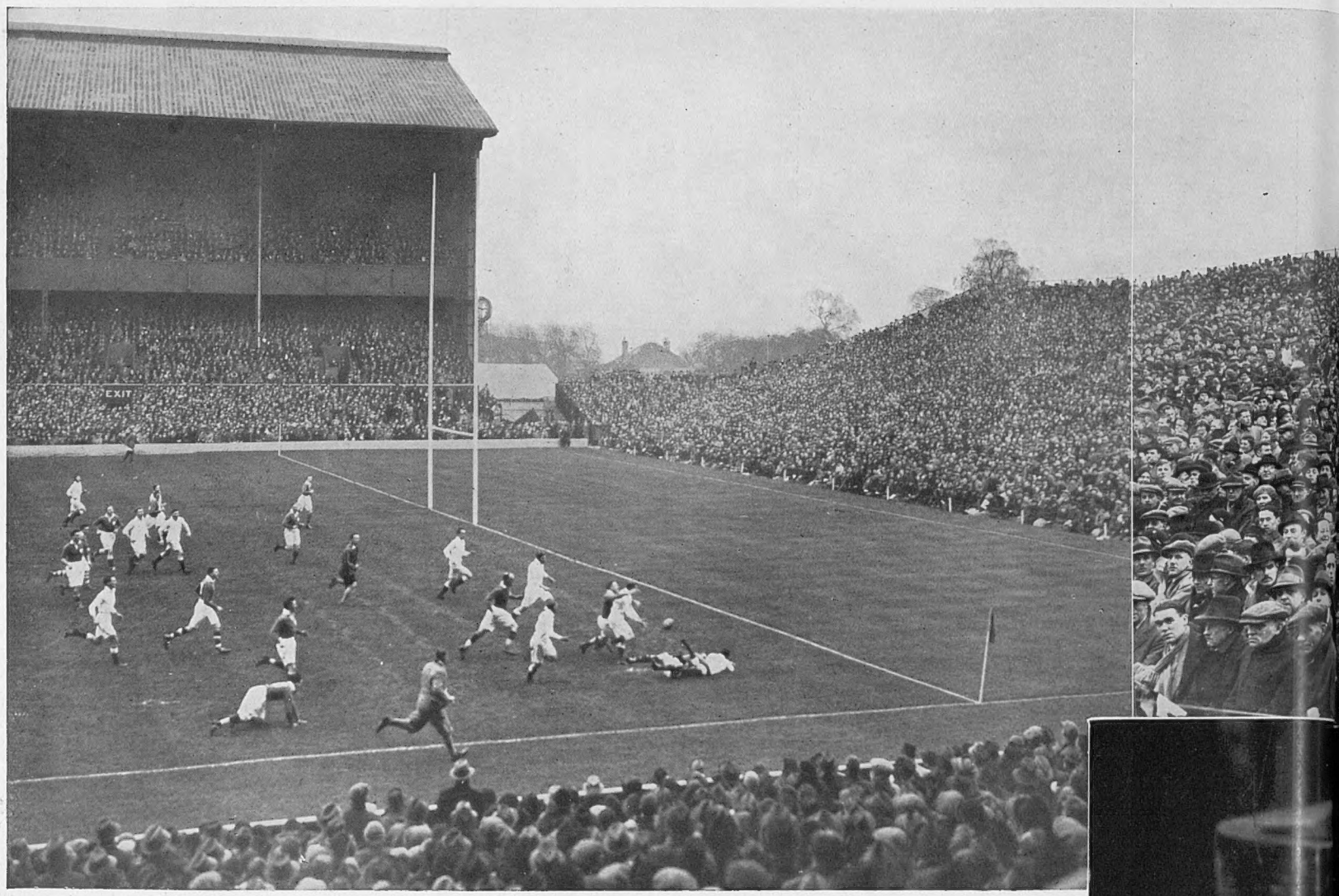


ROSE v. SHAMROCK: This picture shows (on left) an English player dropping the ball when tackled near the Irish line during the opening minutes of last Saturday's Rugby International at Twickenham, and (on right) a section of the vast crowd of over 50,000 which attended the match. England won by 1 goal and 3 penalty goals (14 points), to 1 try (3 points), but the game was decidedly disappointing—both sides being repeatedly penalised for infringements

WAITING FOR THE TURN OF [illegible]: February 6 after a warning overflowing its banks. Fortun people were temporarily d was at least

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 13, 1935.

WAVERTREE.—On mere figures, the National Government can afford to lose a score of Wavertrees. But mere figures, while they may enable a Government to carry through legislation, give no indication of its stability in the immediate future. General elections are fought and lost on reactions in public opinion against any Government in power, and every by-election lost, while it makes a difference of two in the Government majority, contributes an immensely more important wave to the tide of reaction. Therefore, taking Mr. Churchill's intervention at Wavertree solely as a young man's bid for political publicity, as a trumpeted launching into the political lists, Mr. Churchill's success has done much harm to the National cause and far more to the cause of Conservatism. Mr. Churchill's high poll of votes came as a surprise in an election the result of which was incalculable. He owed it to several causes. To the backing of *The Daily Mail* which is a newspaper to the taste of so very large a section of the public; to the interest and even enthusiasm which a bright young man, surrounded by a bevy of bright young women, always evokes among sensationalists and sentimentalists, especially women; and to his political and economic theories and slogans which will always attract those who do not do their thinking for themselves, and believe that whatever Government be in power it is not sufficiently active to create an individual prosperity to suit their own cases And finally his intervention appealed to those mischief-loving monkeys in our midst who like, above all, to upset an apple-cart and watch the fun. The waverers of Wavertree have made Wavertree look very ridiculous. The result, as an indication of a constituency's political opinion, is stalemate and inconclusive. The by-election shows how little serious is the public interest in politics. Largely its settled political convictions are a passion for bread and circuses, and Mr. Churchill and his supporters dispensed these favours with open hand. Wavertree revealed the existence of a still serious contempt for Parliament and its institutions, and a still seriously high percentage in the electorate of persons not fitted for the responsibility of a vote.

BOWING BEFORE THE STORM.—For the student of politics Mr. Oliver Stanley's announcement of the Government's concessions in the new scales of relief propounded by the Unemployment Assistance Board (now ancient history) remains an outstanding event. For one thing it is so very rare for a Government or a Minister to eat humble pie like a gentleman. They are sometimes forced to eat it and almost invariably eat it like bears, and season the dish with quibbles and self-justification. Mr. Stanley ate it plain and gracefully, and his speech half redeemed the fame of the Government over this political and administrative blunder. Then, an act of indemnity, which the recantation necessitates, is rare and wasteful of time. And again, while actuaries are estimating the probable cost of the "temporary" concessions, everyone realises that any scale or any individual payment lower than was authorised or possible under the system which it was designed to amend will never now be enforced in our time. Mr. Stanley was forced to sign away several millions, and no one in the House doubted the necessity for his action on grounds of humanity or common sense. In a word, the Government was compelled by unanimous public opinion to strangle the new Board's first child, so prematurely and expensively and boastfully ushered into the world. It would be merely silly to underrate the difficulties of the Government and of the Board on the whole problem, but we are justified in crying our eyes out for the shocking stage-management of the production which has cost the National Government uncountable votes at a vital period which it will never regain. The new Board took over a *damnosa hereditas*. There was no co-ordination of system, because in some localities relief had been given solely on "humanitarian" grounds, in others solely on a basis of strict economy subject to the letter of the law.

"RUSHED THROUGH."—It was always (and now will be) a matter not of weeks but of long months to achieve a co-ordination on a national basis dictated by considerations of humanity and economy nicely combined. Public money was being recklessly wasted in certain areas and no one denies it. The Board recognised it and at its conference table sat the Treasury sleuths and, like all new departments and boards, this new Board found it difficult to answer the forcible arguments of the Treasury. Political considerations entered into the question. The Government's course is nearly run, a new deal for the unemployed had been promised with a flourish. Speed was necessary, the new proposals were rushed through and the Cabinet approved them in a tearing hurry. If Ministers had time to be students of history, one voice must have been raised in warning. One Minister must have cried out for further time for consideration. For if one thing in these days is certain to wreck a Government, it is a charge from one section or one locality alone where unemployment is rife that rigidity and not psychology, economy and not humanity, are the guiding principles in allocating relief. The Government was humbled solely by the publicity given to individual hard cases, the tragedy of Brown, Jones, and Robinson (and mostly Jones). That fact reveals how madly hasty was the Board's first attempt to put things permanently right. It issued its recommendations before the facts on which to base a permanent system were available for consideration. At the moment, the Board might just as well have never come into being. It begins its work again to-day *ab ovo*, and with a bitter lesson and experience to urge patience and caution. The country is the poorer by its first effort, the Government has lost ground and all's to do again. But there are gleams through the clouds. The lesson is a valuable one and Mr. Stanley has set an example to Ministers which should become a precedent. He has admitted the principle that even Cabinet Ministers may err and are therefore human. That is to the good. Had the country cries out that the whole business was a crime. The other half—the politically minded—declares that it was worse than a crime. It was a blunder of the first magnitude.

THE INDIA DEBATES.—I think it is probable that as the B.B.C. broadcasts on India proceeded, more and more people decided to hear them and not to switch off the button until the funny stuff resumed. But I believe that it was not so much the dawn of interest in the intricate problems of India as a reawakening interest in the "lost" art of oratory which stayed the obliterating hands of all too many. I do not mean that the subject matter was inefficiently dealt with or treated dully. Very far from it. Everybody who heard the series through must have learned a lot and learned it easily and

unimpeachable character as that of Speaker of the British House of Commons. The roll of British Speakers is an imposing list of strong, noble men, of the highest integrity and the finest attributes, and even if one goes back for a hundred years that average is very rarely reduced. I think the roll of Primates, I am sure the roll of Lord Chancellors, cannot furnish a parallel, and the reason is clear to see. The office of Speaker is filled solely and entirely on one vital essential — *character.* Professional attainments play a part in the choice of a Lord Chancellor and political considerations also. In a lesser degree, the choice of Primate in part depends on professional attainments, as also in the case of a headmaster of a leading school. The candidates for the Speaker's chair are few; all possess the experience of Parliamentary procedure, and nothing but character decides the choice. It is character which has passed the acid test of years of close examination, in times of stress and difficulty, when passions ran high and tongues were uncurbed, by men of every class, type, and shade of political opinion. Our Speakers, in a word, must pass the most exhaustive test which human experience can devise on the first and last and only essential on which leadership depends—character.

ROBEY AS FALSTAFF.—I am delighted to learn that George Robey is to play Falstaff in Sydney Carroll's presentation of *Henry IV* (Part I) at His Majesty's. The play opens at the end of February. It is always pleasant to hear of more Shakespeare in West End theatres, of producers taking the risk of going for the best, and of variety comedians trying legitimate rôles. Shakespeare would have split his sides at Robey at his best, and meant Falstaff to be an epitome of the funny fellow of all time. But the funny fellow who appeals to every humour is much more than a knockabout—he is as full of pathos as of fun. That is why Dan Leno and Chaplin were among the world's first comedians. And Falstaff (perhaps more in Part II than in Part I of *Henry IV*) must be played, not by a knockabout but by a comedian who can command tears as well as laughter and has an immense ration of "humanity" in his composition. Robey at his best is of the first rank of comedians, mingler of sobs and laughter.

THE CHURCH AND ROAD DEATHS.—It was wise and far-sighted of the Church Assembly to seek by every means in its power to stave off from this country what has long since become a deplorable fact in the States—the acceptance of road deaths as an inevitable price to be paid for the boon of swift communications. In the States all sober citizens and all humanitarians are agreed that the toll of the road—even more hideous than ours—is widely accepted with indifference, with cynicism, even with lightheartedness. It is a joke of a "war-time nature"—that risk involved in driving along a road. We have not over here reached that stage, but we are drawing perilously near it, and the Church Assembly ventured to remind us that human life is sacred. It comes as a new idea, but it is quite an old one. The bishops expressed their views on this problem, some statesmanly, some petulantly, but between them they covered the whole subject. One found his particular bugbear in motor bicycles, another in jay-walkers, and so on; but when the Primate summed up he gathered up a fairly complete twist of threads. He made the point—so notably forgotten by the authorities of various kinds concerned with roads and traffic—that the problem affects a man's duty to his neighbour. A Christian has two primary duties—to God and to his neighbour, and the road problem cuts right across both of them. Dr. Lang was not prepared to assume the entire responsibility for inculcating these duties on those who use the road. He called in the aid of the law, and he said (what some of us have said till we are ashamed to repeat it) that the responsibility for the horror rested heavily on the magistrates, and that it was *their* obvious and long disregarded duty uniformly to impose full and exemplary penalties on proved offenders. If the magistrates would do that, the Church would find it less difficult to make a start on the ultimate remedy, the strengthening of the public conscience.

VERMIN.—It is four years since a national campaign to exterminate the grey squirrel was launched. The grey squirrel or American tree-rat—a cruel, vicious, destructive brute—was scotched, not killed. In spite of decimation by trap, gun, and disease he survived, and to-day is a more potent force and plague than ever. He destroys and drives away the red squirrel whom we love and, once dug in, he works his will with birds' eggs, saplings, fruit trees, and garden produce of all kinds. He is appallingly entrenched in Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire. I saw during a covert shoot seven of them on a single tree, and counted that day over twenty. He is difficult to kill, especially in suburbanized areas, for he often skulks at ground level; but killed he must be, as all agricultural and forestry authorities agree.

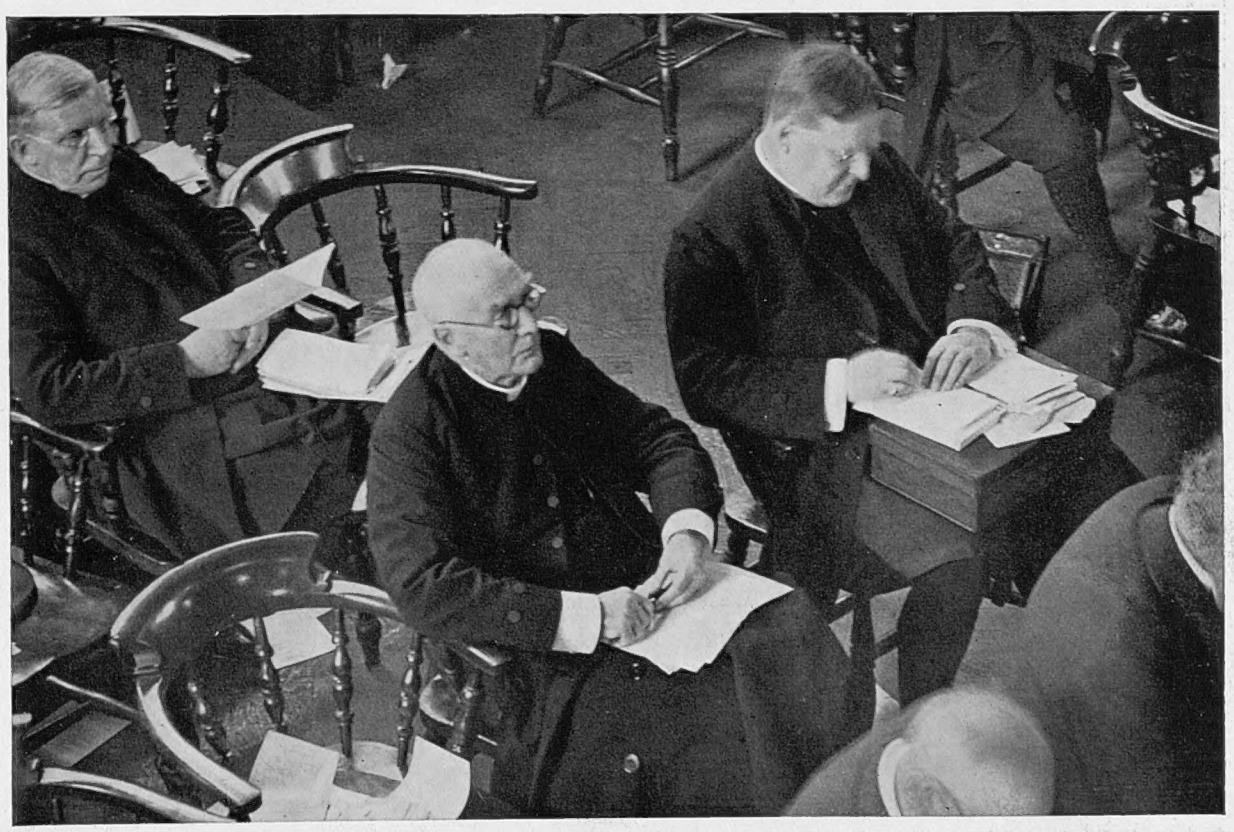
LOOKS LIKE A CHECK.—Clouds and bright interval is the latest weather combination — but "at the moment of going to press" the cloud formation has increased. To people long used to leaden skies, the patches of blue are still a heartening and inspiring phenomenon. Germany is friendly disposed towards the air convention in principle, and the India Bill has passed its second reading with no appreciable fall in the Government's "India" majority. But, on the other hand, here is unemployment up by nearly a quarter million, almost back to the desperate figures of a year ago; and here is Italy mobilizing divisions for the Abyssinian front. Neither of these very disagreeable manifestations need prove as black as the alarmists of the Press predict, but assuredly neither is as trivial as the optimists dismiss it. The trades seasonably hit at this period do indeed contribute most to the increase, but the seasonal plea does not anything like account for a half of the huge figure. And Italy's move is doubtless a gesture to prove her determination, but Abyssinia is defiant, and Italy has long since been dissatisfied with the situation on the Abyssinian border. These manifestations strike hardly on the British Government, which had such a nasty knock over the Relief bungle, and the League, which has only recently got back her breath.

THE OLD STAGER.

TIDE: A policeman anxiously watching the rising river at Millbank on the night of been issued to Scotland Yard from Southend that there was a danger of the Thames there was no repetition of the serious floods of seven years ago when hundreds of from their homes, but in many places the water above the normal high tide level

pleasantly. But what that broadcast series brought out, as no other series has, was the latent power of oratory in leading politicians. This only happens when passions are roused and convictions strongly held. The stimulus was intense partisanship, and some of the contrasts of style were absorbingly interesting—none more than that between Mr. Churchill and Mr. Baldwin. The rapier thrusts of Mr. C. and the solid, hammer blows of Mr. B.; the Latin and the stolid Saxon temperaments and styles; fire and the cold water of sense and logic; quicksilver and cabinet-maker's glue. Each speech, I confess, I admired as a work of art and enjoyed immensely. In sober reflection, I have little doubt which carried with it a bigger following of listeners, not on the merits of the subject but by the methods of argument. In the House, in the notable debate on the second reading, the subject of India still continued to raise the art of oratory to higher flights, and Sir Samuel Hoare's fine feat of memory, exhaustive knowledge, and clear exposition added one more historic speech in yet another category to the list of great oratorical efforts in the history of Parliament. The Attorney-General likewise rose to the occasion, and the Government undoubtedly gained rather than lost ground.

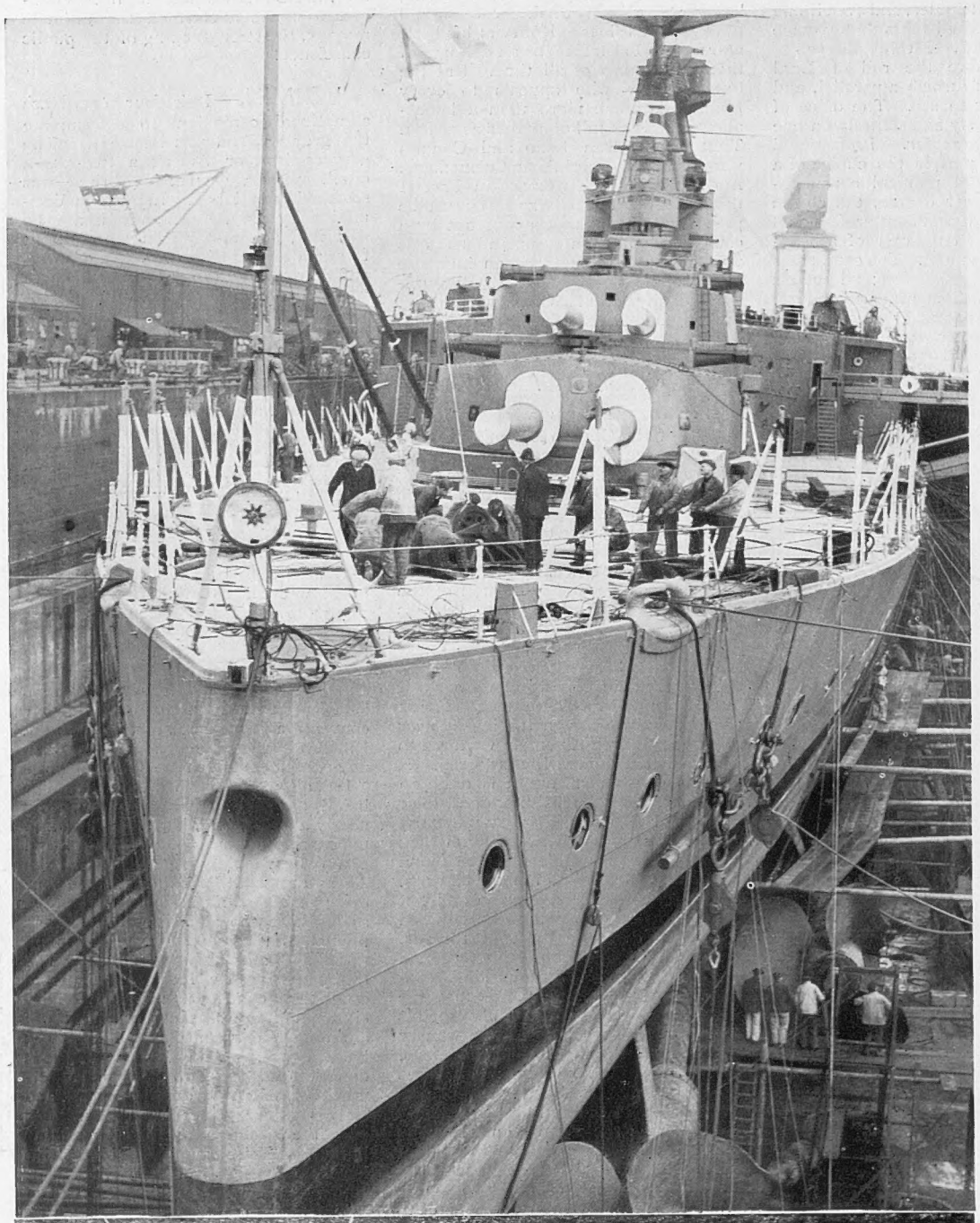
MR. WHITLEY — AND THOUGHTS ON SPEAKERS.—The tributes to the late Mr. Whitley continue, and are unanimous in praise of his virtues. It occurs to me to speculate whether any office in any country implies so complete an acid test of merit and

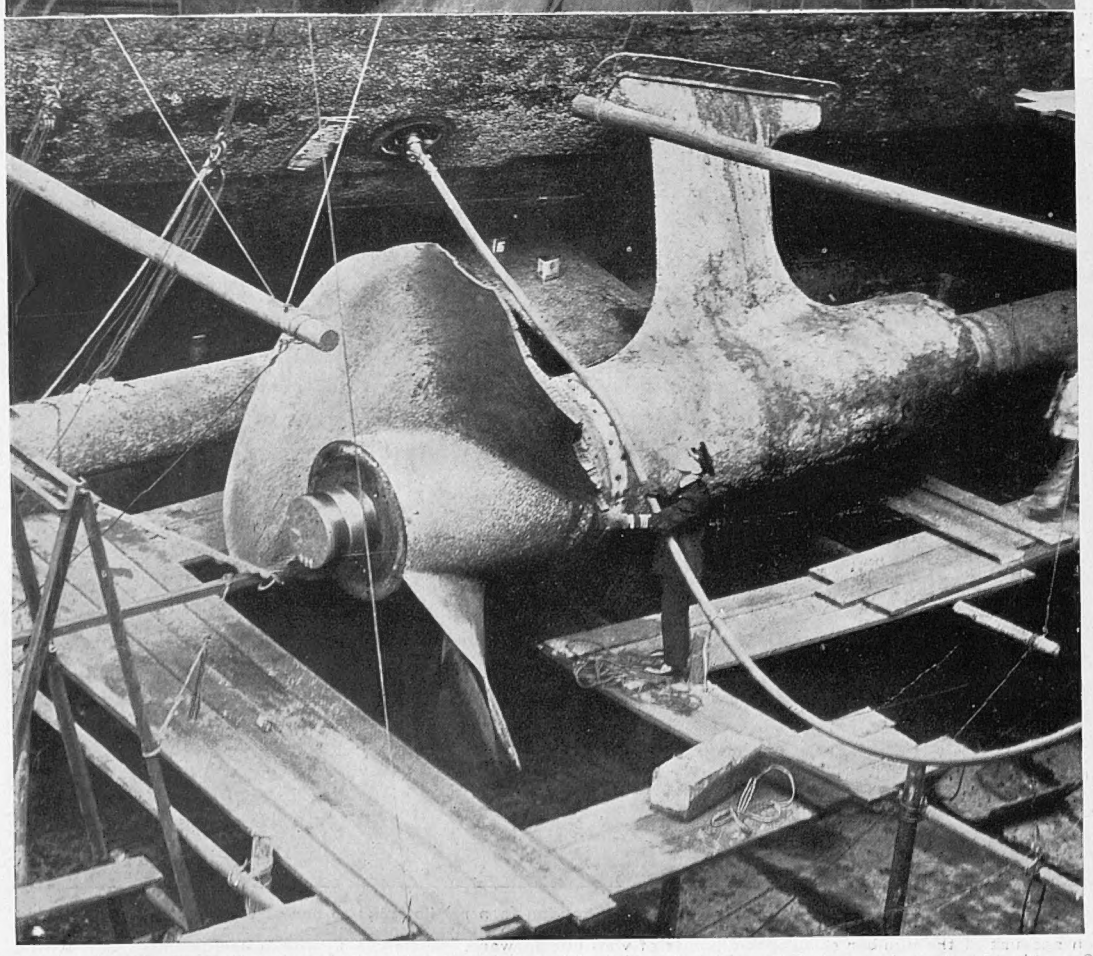


THE SECULAR INTERESTS OF THE CHURCH: The Bishop of London (centre) listening to one of the debates at the Spring Session of the Church Assembly which was held last week at the Church House, Westminster. The meetings were of unusual interest on account of the number of opposing points of view put forward. While the Bishop of Jarrow urged that it was not the Church's business to be concerned with political and economic problems, and not its duty to make society fit for man, but man fit for society, the Bishops of London and Southwark delivered violent attacks on the "terrible state of affairs" brought about by the restriction of production, and by the wholesale destruction of such commodities as wheat, coffee, herrings, etc. Dr. Winnington Ingram also suggested that the Douglas Social Credit system should be considered, and the Bishop of Bradford said "that so far from it not being their business to tackle the problem of unemployment, they had no business to tackle any other question while that one was in the field"

ROYALTY ABROAD

And Other Happenings



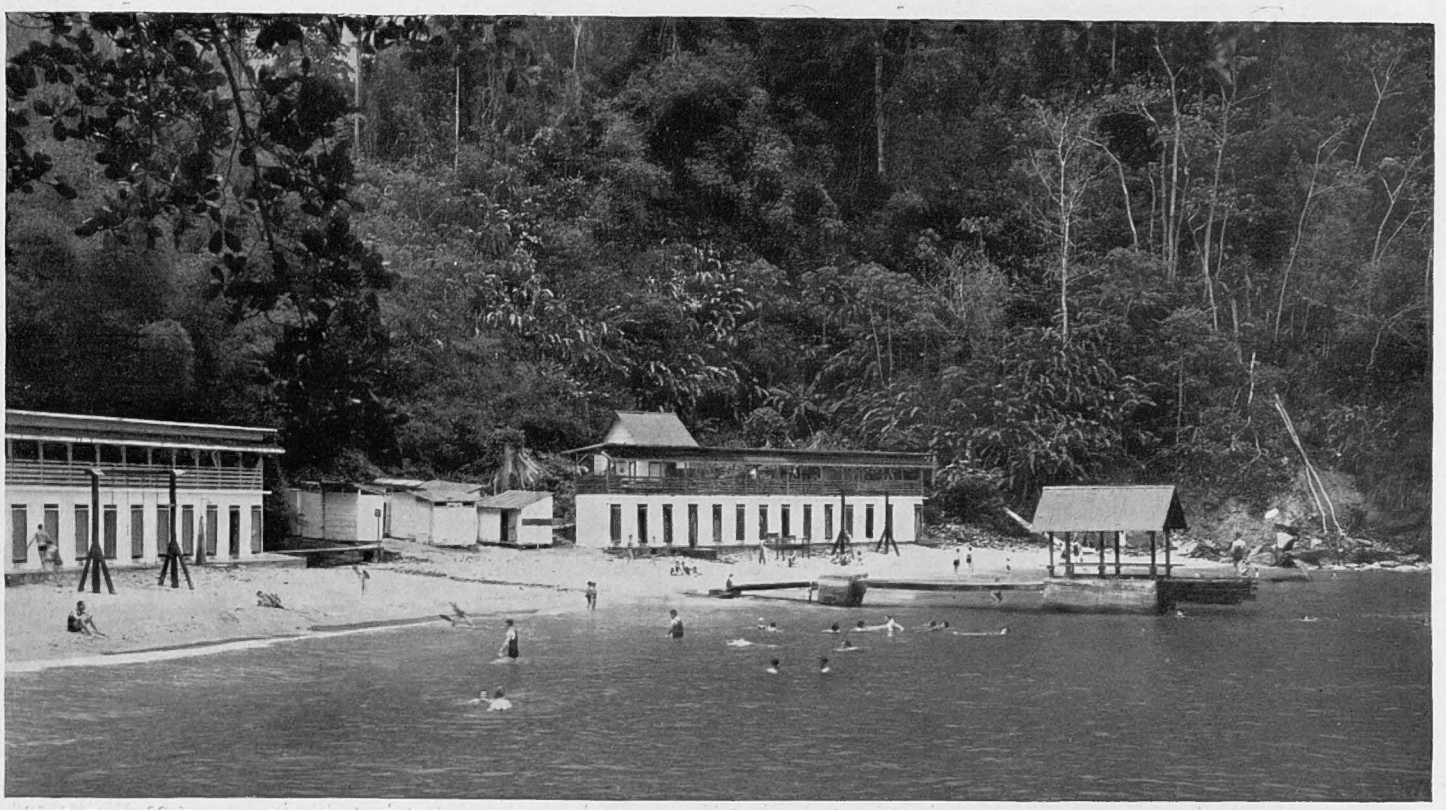


OUT OF HER ELEMENT: H.M.S. *Hood* in the dry dock at Portsmouth, where she is undergoing extensive repairs to her hull which was damaged when she recently came into collision with H.M.S. *Renown* during exercises off the coast of Spain. Inset at the bottom of the picture is a view of a broken propeller of the giant battle cruiser. The task of re-conditioning her is said to have provided work for every unemployed shipwright in the district

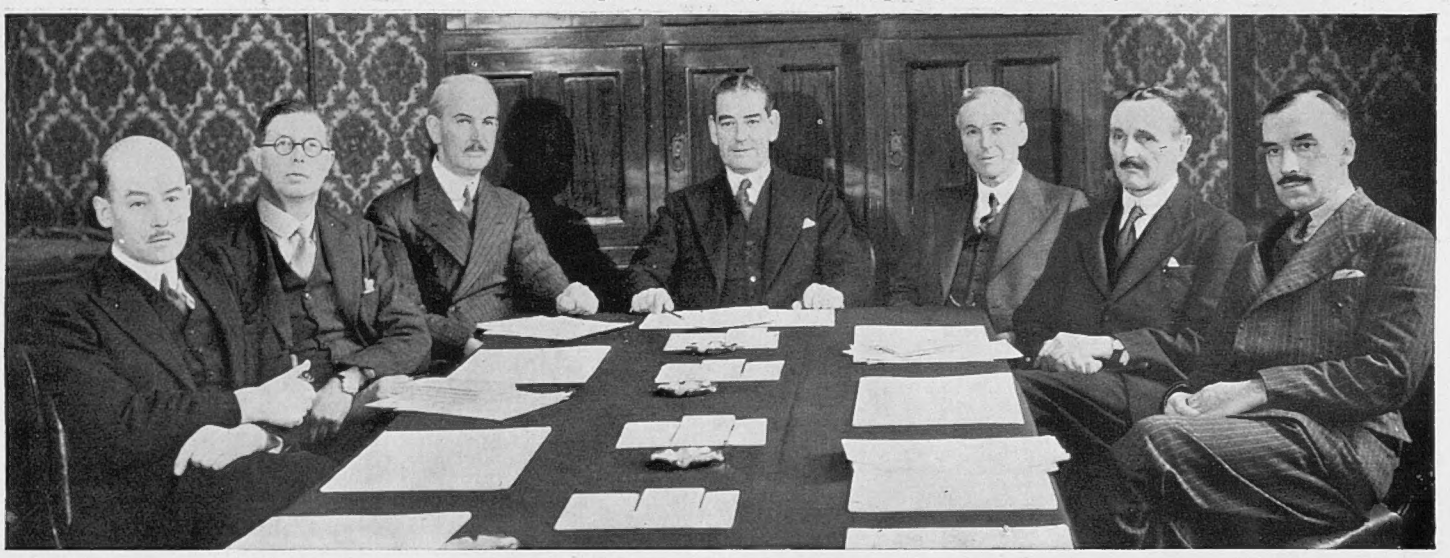
ON THE WAY TO THE SKI-ING SLOPES: As the result of ... of snow at Kitzbuehel, the resort in the Austrian T... is now staying, the exit from a funicular railway sta... drift 20 ft. deep, and the tunnel shown here had to be...

PRINCE CARL AND PRINCESS SYBILLE being sworn ... members of the Order of Innocence at a Court functi... Stockholm. Princess Sybille is the wife of Prince G... Adolf, heir-presumptive to the Swedish throne

exceptionally heavy fall where the Prince of Wales was recently buried in a for the use of passengers



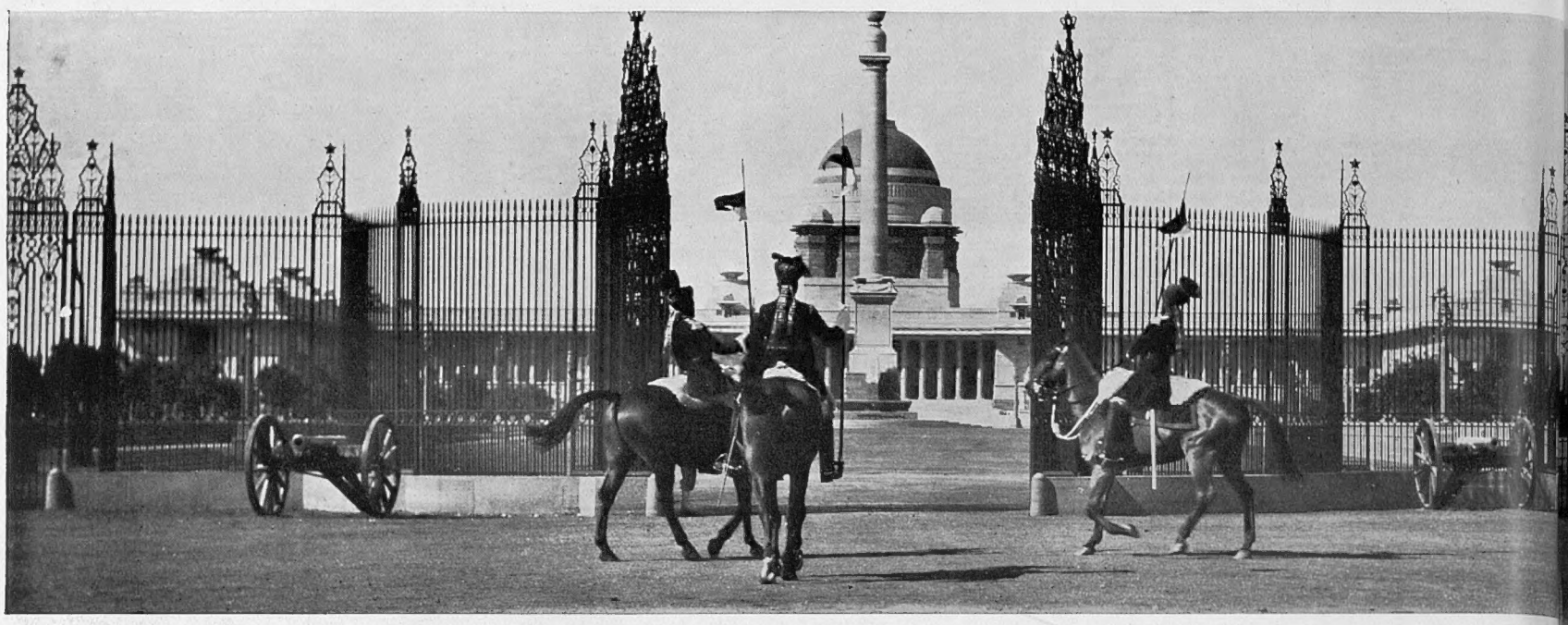
WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT ARE ON HOLIDAY: Macqueripe Beach, Trinidad, a well-known seaside resort and beauty spot, which will probably be visited by Their Royal Highnesses during their stay on the island. They arrived at Port of Spain, the capital, on February 10 and were enthusiastically greeted by large crowds as they drove through the streets of the city in an open car



REVOLUTIONIZING RADIO: Members of the Advisory Committee, appointed by Sir Kingsley Wood (the Postmaster-General) to superintend the initiation of the new public television service which is to be established in the London area this year, holding their first meeting at the G.P.O. last week. Left to right—Mr. Noel Ashbridge (of the British Broadcasting Corporation), Mr. O. F. Brown, Sir Frank Smith, Lord Selsdon (chairman), Mr. F. W. Phillips, Colonel Angwin (Assistant Engineer-in-Chief of the G.P.O.), and Mr. V. Roberts (secretary to the committee)

THE ROYAL AMBASSABOR IN THE SOUTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND: Two pictures taken during the Duke of Gloucester's visit to Dunedin, the capital of the Provincial District of Otago, where he received a tremendous welcome from the people. *Left*—His Royal Highness with the mayor of the city at a reception at which he met some of the early settlers. *Right*—A group of youngsters waiting to greet the Duke at a special children's demonstration arranged in his honour. Dunedin, which is still typically Scottish in character, was founded by settlers sent out in 1848 under the auspices of the lay association of the Free Church of Scotland. It was originally named New Edinburgh

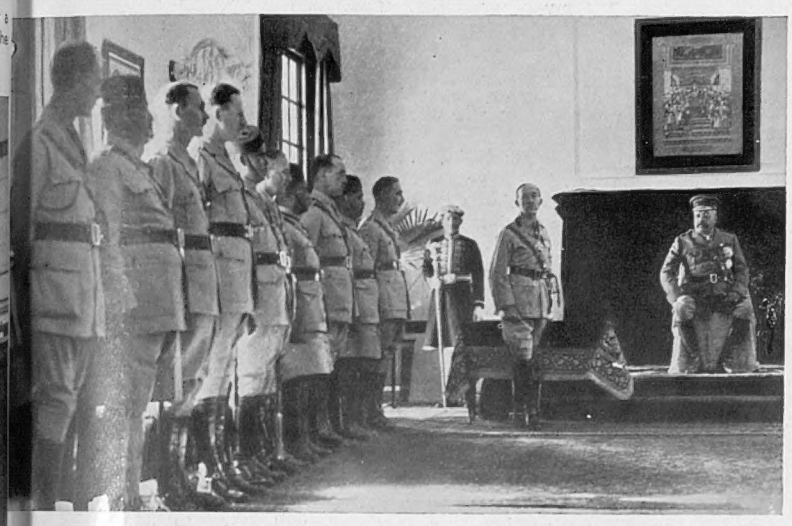
Pomp and Circumstance in the Indian

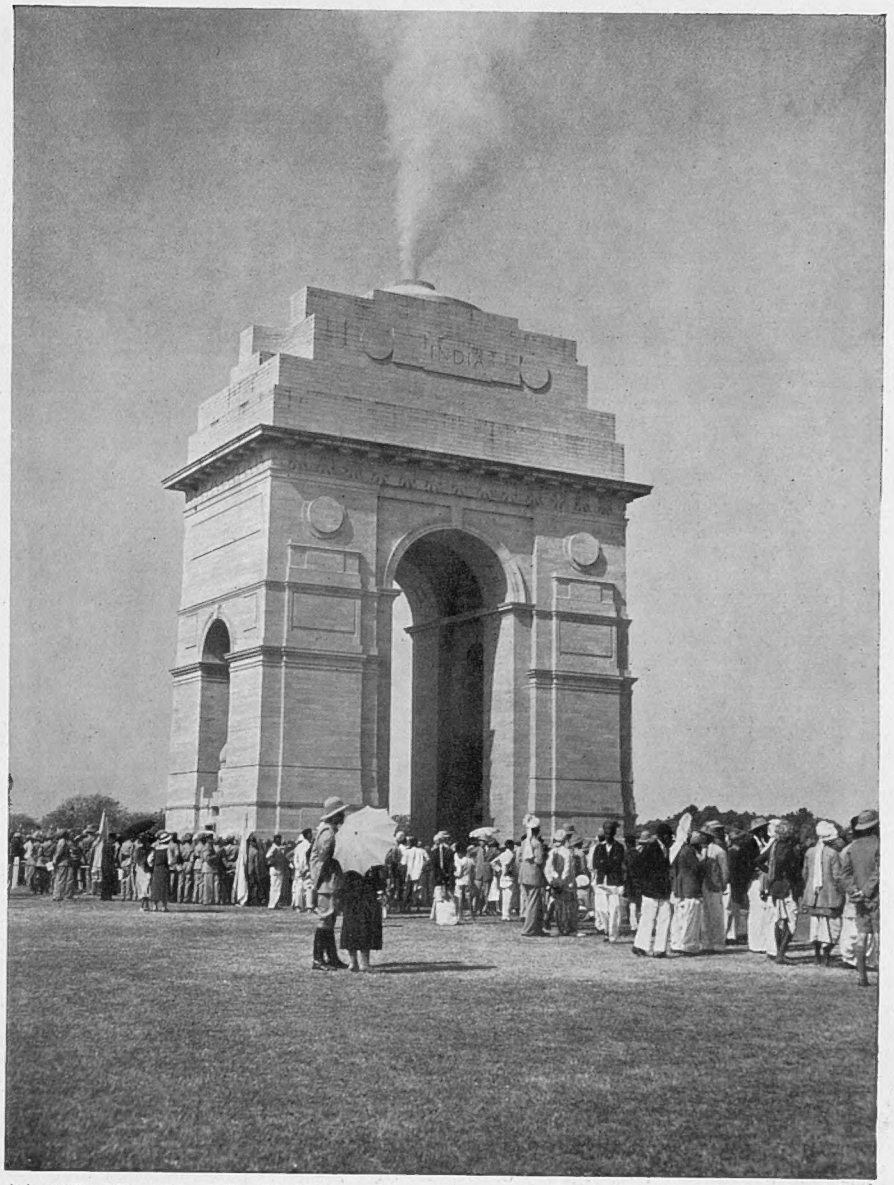


THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD: The relieved sentries, after their two hours of motionless vigil, wheel on the corporal in the centre and move off to their lines for a well-earned rest. A scene outside the Viceroy's residence to which Maharaja Sir Joodha Shum Shere Jung Bahada Rana, Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief of the independent kingdom of Nepal, paid a State visit during his recent stay in Delhi

ON THE STEPS OF THE VICEROY'S RESIDENCE: The Prime Minister of Nepal leaving after paying a visit to Lord Willingdon. His Highness had a great reception in the Indian capital, a special parade of troops and numerous functions being held in his honour. During his stay the sumptuous palace of the Nizam of Hyderabad was placed at the disposal of himself and his suite

Capital: The Prime Minister of Nepal's Visit to Delhi





IN MEMORY OF THE FALLEN: The magnificent war memorial arch at Delhi, which was inspected by the Nepalese Prime Minister during a tour of the city. *Left*—The Prime Minister receiving a deputation of officers, representing every Gurkha regiment in India, who came to pay their respects to him. Standing next to His Highness is Major-General Twiss, who was appointed Colonel of the 9th Gurkha Rifles in 1930

LORD WILLINGDON, accompanied by the Prime Minister of Nepal, inspecting the latter's bodyguard when he paid a return visit to him at the palace of the Nizam of Hyderabad in Delhi. As tradition does not allow the King of Nepal to take part in the government of his country, the Royal Power is invested in the Premier, who is invariably a relation of the King and who is at the head of the military oligarchy

THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE

The New Scales of Unemployment Benefit

	Weekly
(a) For the householder and the householder's wife or husband	24s.
(b) For the householder where rate (a) is not applicable: Male	16s.
Female	14s.
(c) For each member of the household to whom the foregoing rates do not apply:—	
If 21 years or over:—	
For the first such member: Male	10s.
Female	8s.
For each subsequent member: Male	8s.
Female	7s.
If 18 years or over, but less than 21: Male	8s.
Female	7s.
If 14 years or over, but less than 18	6s.
If 11 years or over, but less than 14	4s. 6d.
If 8 years or over, but less than 11	4s.
If 5 years or over, but less than 8	3s. 6d.
If under 5 years	3s.
For persons living alone, who are defined in the draft regulations as "persons living otherwise than as a member of a household consisting of two or more persons," the basis scale of allowances will be:—	
(a) If 18 years or over: Male	15s.
Female	14s.
(b) If under 18: Male	13s.
Female	12s.

The present situation with regard to unemployment benefit is here described by Mr. Baker White who reviews the circumstances leading up to the storm of criticism which the Government had to meet from both Labour and Conservative members of the House. The recent history of unemployment relief was also discussed in an article in "The Sphere" of January 19. There the intentions of the Act were set forth and it was stated that the new Unemployment Assistance Board would concern itself with no less than 18,500,000 people or "6,000,000 more than came within the scope of Unemployment Insurance," and it further made quite clear that the Government had no intention of saving money by the new arrangements. The Board, it was stated, estimates that a further £3,000,000 a year in addition to the present £41,000,000 will be distributed in transitional payments and altogether an additional sum of £8,000,000 would be expended. The application of the new scale appears to have caused trouble in three main areas, South Wales, Liverpool, and the Tyne, where men have been out of work for several years. In London, where men usually remain out for a much shorter time, the situation is much easier; workers do not in many cases reach the transitional period, which begins after a period of fifty-two weeks. The following notes will bring the whole matter as closely up-to-date as circumstances permit

THE STANDSTILL BILL

How the Government has Suspended its Much-Criticized Scales of Unemployment Benefit by an Emergency Order of Parliament

By J. BAKER WHITE

DURING this week the Lords and Commons have passed an emergency order, known as the Standstill Bill. Its purpose is to legalize the act of the Government in suspending, in response to a storm of protest, the new scales of unemployment benefit fixed by the recently passed Unemployment Bill. The suspension is for an undefined period, until revised or new regulations are ready, and in the meantime the Bill secures for the unemployed the rates of benefit ruling before the Unemployment Assistance Board's regulations came into force. And so one more chapter has been written in the chequered history of unemployment insurance. An unhappy chapter, too, because the muddle and misunderstanding that gave rise to the outcry should never have been allowed to occur. And it would not have occurred had not an attempt been made to do too much in a hurry.

Trying to do too much in too little time has always been the trouble about unemployment insurance, and the present muddle has its origins away back in 1920. In pre-War days there was a scheme of unemployment insurance, but it only covered 2,500,000 workers. Certain other classes of workers were brought in during the War, but as there was little unemployment the fund had a surplus of £15,000,000 at the time of the Armistice. Then in 1920 the Coalition Government found itself faced with a highly dangerous political situation—due to the angry mood of hundreds of thousands of workless, doleless, demobilized soldiers—and to meet it the Unemployment Insurance Act of 1920 was brought in, covering 11,000,000 people and placing unemployment insurance on a national contributory basis. At that time it was assumed that large-scale unemployment was only a temporary post-War problem, and it is obvious to-day that sufficient care was not taken in the hasty drafting of the provisions of the Act. Since 1920 successive Governments have found it necessary to pass no less than twenty-two Acts, changing rates and contributions.

It was inevitable that unemployment should become a political question, with each party trying to shout "We can conquer unemployment" louder than the others, and it was equally inevitable that rates of benefit and votes should become allied. All this had far-reaching effects on the solvency of the unemployment fund. In 1924 the Socialist Government increased the rates of benefit from 15s. to 18s. a week for men and from 12s. to 15s. for women, at the same time extending transitional benefits. In 1925 the Blanesburgh Committee was set up to investigate the workings of the fund, and upon its recommendation the Conservative Government in 1927 fixed the rate of benefit for men at 17s., graduated the scale in accordance with the age of the applicant and increased adult dependents' benefits to 7s. The Socialist Government in 1930 increased the benefits of juveniles and adult dependents, abolished the "genuinely seeking work" condition of benefit, and made the finding of work the task of the Employment Exchanges. These provisions had the effect of widening the scope of unemployment insurance, bringing in people who, to use the words of the White Paper, were "not really in the market as competitors for employment, but may hold themselves out as such if they are thereby enabled to qualify for benefit."

This endangered the solvency of the fund. In 1929, when the Socialist Government came in, there were 1,100,125 unemployed, and while the debt of the fund was nearly £37,000,000, there was sufficient income to meet the payments to 1,000,000 unemployed. When the Socialist Government went out in August, 1931, there were 2,733,782 unemployed, the debt of the fund was very nearly £100,000,000, and was increasing at the rate of about £1,000,000 a week. In short, borrowing for unproductive purposes had endangered the stability of the whole of the national finances. Before it fell, the Socialist Government had too late realized the danger, and had passed the Anomalies Act to prevent the exploitation of the fund by those who had no intention of seeking work. It had also agreed to, but had no time to introduce before its fall, economies and cuts that would have saved £22,000,000. To save the fund and to place the whole insurance system on a sound financial basis the National Government in 1931, forced to act hurriedly, cut benefits by 10 per cent., increased contributions, limited the period of benefit to twenty-six weeks a year and introduced a Needs Test. By 1934 these measures, plus an improvement in employment, had placed the fund on a safer basis, and as from July 1 the rates of benefit fixed by the Socialist Government in 1930 were restored and the benefit period extended. In justification of the much-abused Needs Test, it was shown in Parliament last week that its application had saved the nation about £15,000,000 in three years.

Then came the establishment of the Unemployment Assistance Board, the passing by Parliament and the putting into operation of the new regulations of the Unemployment Bill. And immediately from all parts of the country outcry and demonstration against its rules and scales. Analysed there were two basic complaints. One that the new scales meant that large numbers of the unemployed would suffer serious reductions in benefit. The other that the fixing of the rate of assistance on the needs of a family as a whole, instead of on the needs of each individual member of the family, was a harsh measure. The Labour Party has given many instances of hardship, from which the following examples may be taken:—

(1) Rent deductions may outbalance the higher rates for children. In a case where there were five children and the rent was 3s. 7d., the Board's allowance was 1s. 6d. less than the old Means Test scale. (The sum of 3s. 7d. is the actual rent paid per week.)

(2) A married docker at Liverpool with two children working one or two days a week would suffer a reduction of 6s. 6d. under the new scale, owing to the new basis of assessment.

(3) A young man of twenty-six was earning £3 a week. He lived at home and allowed his parents 30s. and was saving up to get married. The old Means Test allowed his father 10s., but under the new regulations he got nothing.

Many other similar examples of hardship have been quoted in and out of Parliament and, while the voices of those who would have gained under the new scales have not been heard, it is evident that the new regulations were badly drafted and that not sufficient care was taken to ascertain what effect they would have on individual cases. As the Minister of Labour has said, "the grievances were just grievances." Probably the real trouble is that when the Needs Test was introduced in 1931 no fixed and definite national scale for the ascertainment of "need" was laid down, which meant that the Public Assistance Committees laid down their own scales. This resulted in widely different scales of benefit being paid, and the application of a national scale under the new Bill meant heavy reductions for those to whom the P.A.C.s had been generous.

It is difficult to say what will happen next. As things stand at present the new regulations are suspended and the old rates of transitional benefit are being paid. It is estimated that this will cost about £5,000,000. The Labour Party is pressing for the complete scrapping of the Needs Test applied on the family basis. If this is done the Treasury, i.e., the taxpayer, will have to find another £4,000,000 a year. Labour also wants higher scales of allowances, so a full-dress political battle in and out of Parliament may be expected in the coming weeks.

The Minister of Labour will be blamed for the faults of the Bill. That is hardly fair, as he has had to try to sort out a load of trouble that has been piling up since 1920. He should not be blamed for the obvious faults in the scales and regulations, for he had to depend upon others, supposedly expert, for the drafting of the Bill. Someone has blundered. It is kindest to leave it at that.

IN A "NOVEL" RÔLE: Mr. James Houston, the novelist, who has voluntarily taken over control of the occupational centre at the Gonville Hut, Battersea, instructing some of the unemployed in carpentry

The Princes Amid the Snows

Pictures from Two Hemispheres

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER IN THE NEW ZEALAND ALPS: His Royal Highness (second from left) on the moraine of the famous Franz Joseph glacier in the South Island, which he visited during his recent tour of the Dominion. The glacier is eight-and-a-half miles long and descends from a height of 8,800 ft. It was named by Sir Julius von Haast, the distinguished geologist, who surveyed it in 1862

THE PRINCE OF WALES leaving the train at Kitzbuehel at the start of his holiday in the Austrian Tirol. This is the first time he has taken part in winter sports for twenty-one years

ROYALTY RELAXES: Two further studies of the Prince at Kitzbuehel where he has been enjoying some excellent sport and has surprised everyone by his skill at ski-ing which is remarkable in view of the long interval since he last practised. *Left*—On the way up to the ski-ing slopes. *Right*—His Royal Highness laughing as a photographer falls into the snow when attempting to take pictures of him at Mount Hahnenkahn

SAVED FOR THE NATION: Picturesque Trevaunance Cove, Cornwall, which, with the approval of the National Trust, is to be preserved as a memorial to Thomas Tonkin, the historian. Tonkin was born near here in 1678 and, soon after matriculating from Oxford, retired to his estate and for the rest of his life prosecuted without cessation his inquiries into the topography and genealogy of Cornwall. He ranks with Richard Edmonds, who lived some sixty years later, as one of the great authorities on the antiquities of the county

SCENES IN RURAL ENGLAND

Preservers and Vandals at Work

SPANNING THE DOVE: The Hanging Bridge on the main Ashborne-Leek road near the Staffordshire-Derbyshire border, which is to be rebuilt at an approximate cost of £33,000. The present arches are to be retained, but the carriage-way will be widened considerably

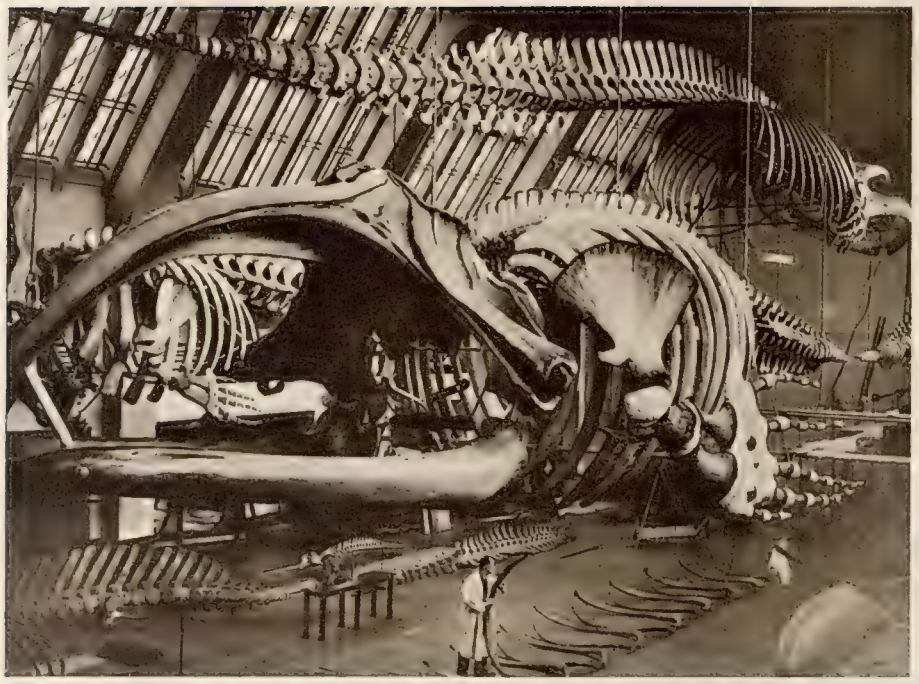
AMID THE LAKELAND FELLS: Upper Eskdale, one of t within the 7,000 acres of land recently acquired by t hills are to be planted with larch, spruce, and beech years. Towering in the backgrou

WINTER'S MANTLE

A study in black and white in an Essex stockyard with the trees forming a giant lacework against the winter sky

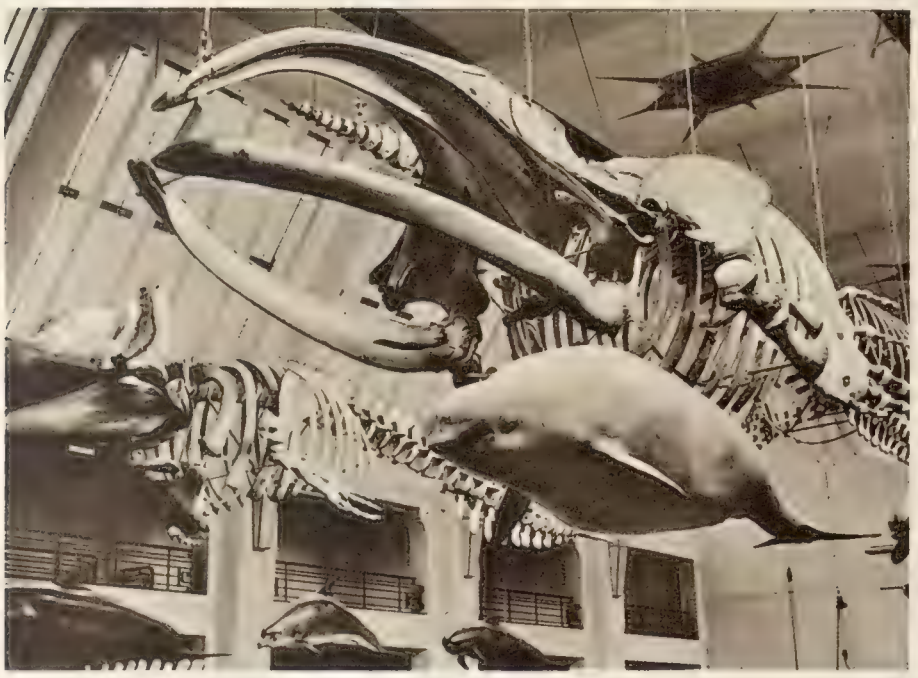
wildest, most beautiful, and most remote of Cumberland valleys, which lies Forestry Commission for purposes of development. The lower slopes of the task that will give work to about forty local unemployed men for the next ten of this picture is the imposing bulk of Bow Fell

THREATENED: A scene in Yarmouth Rows, an old-world alleyway in the famous Norfolk fishing town which may shortly be demolished under a slum clearance scheme. Already some of the buildings in the vicinity are being broken up



THE ANATOMIST: Reassembling the skeleton of a deep sea monster after it had been transferred bone by bone to the new Whale Room at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. The work of re-housing the collection is costing about £10,000 and the building will be opened to visitors in about a year's time

SMALLER FRY: Mr. Percy Stammwitz at work colouring casts of tropical fish to be exhibited in cases in the Whale Room



JONAH'S NIGHTMARE: Giant skeletons in their new setting — a larger, brighter, and airier building much better suited for the display of these monsters. The task of moving the specimens from the old whale room was immensely complicated, as many of them consist of at least 400 bones, some of which are as much as 20 ft. in length. The problem was eventually solved by demolishing a wall, carrying the bones out into Queen's Gate, and bringing them in through another door

THE NEW WHALE ROOM AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON

TO BE OPENED IN JUNE: An interior view of the spacious new quarters of the Geological Museum in South Kensington, showing in background the copy of the Farnese Hercules, which is carved out of what is probably the largest block of Portland stone ever quarried

INSTRUCTION BY ILLUSTRATION: Artists preparing maps which will be exhibited in the Museum to demonstrate the geological history of Great Britain

MOVING IN: Part of the Museum's unrivalled collection of British fossils being arranged in the show-cases. The beautiful building illustrated on this page takes the place of the museum in Jermyn Street erected by Sir James Pennethorne in the middle of the last century, and which for some time past has been in danger of collapse. It became so unsafe, in fact, that it had to be supported internally with wooden baulks—an expedient that brought about considerable dislocation in the arrangement of the collection

THE NEW GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM

THE £300,000 THAMES IMPROVEMENT SCHEME is nearing completion, and the last part of the work is now being done between Walton and Shepperton, where a new channel (on right of picture) is being cut. This will divert some of the water which normally flows round the S bend (on left) and will thus help to minimise the risk of floods

A Safety Valve for the Thames

A TOPOGRAPHICAL CHANGE: The bridge which is being built at the Walton end of the channel. *On right*—An aerial view showing how the cutting of the channel will create a new island

SPANNING THE NEW CUT: Another view of the steel and concrete bridge in course of construction. It is expected that the whole scheme will be completed some time in the coming summer

Where the "Forty Immortals" Forgather

A Visit to the French Academy which is About to Celebrate its 300th Anniversary

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ACADEMIC SOMNOLENCE: This member of the French Academy evidently arrived too early for a meeting and was seen by the photographer soundly asleep in the Main Hall. The picture brings to mind the famous occasion in 1793 when only one of the "immortals" turned up; the others refusing to brave a journey through the streets as it was the day of the execution of Louis XVI

"THE THREAD WAS BROKEN": M. Robert Regnier, the Secretary-General, who, when discussing the history of the Academy with Mr. Tuohy, lamented the break in continuity which occurred under the Terror

But a solitary institution in France has survived all the regimes and terrors and vicissitudes of that country; and on the 22nd of this month it celebrates its 300th birthday. Other dates might be chosen—the very first seed of the French Academy was sown in 1629, when one Valentin Conrart, King's Secretary, assembled once a week at the corner of the rue Saint-Martin, "a little literary chapel where were discussed affairs and news and work of the mind (*esprit*) with an immense pleasure and an unbelievable profit"—but the Forty Immortals themselves prefer to fix the foundation as February 22, 1635—the day when Cardinal Richelieu sanctioned the statutes of "the Company." Conrart's little circle, which had been unearthed without so desiring, was more than a little shy of having any truck with the mighty prelate, suspected of wishing to make a corner in brains and scholarship for his own pamphleteering and political ends, but of course it had to conform. Richelieu had even then visualized what a big thing an academy might one day become, if at this natal stage "the Company" was just to concentrate on "the embellishment and widening of the language."

It still carries on at that job—later on this year it will be delivered of yet another dictionary that it has taken decades to put in shape—days (or was it weeks?) were latterly spent debating whether the word "taxi" should be admitted to the vocabulary, although many of the Immortals had been riding in taxis for thirty years—yet how much water has flowed under the bridges in other realms, dramatic and historic, since those first simple days devoted to linguistic ornamentation, to "preserving and perfecting the French tongue and giving it that preëminence and universality that once were the privilege of Greek and Roman." To this end "the Company" was to edit a grammar and investigate poetry and rhetoric besides concentrating on that dictionary whose stop-press development this morning, I see, is analysis of the word "surprise." What just does it imply, whence cometh it? You don't catch these old jossers nodding. . . .

Where a post-War European capital that can be more hauntingly old than Paris, unless it be Prague in places? So I thought as I inevitably dropped a franc into the cup of the blind beggar by the Pont des Arts who has certainly been there since 1635. I was making for the Institut de France, a mere babe itself of 140 years, yet which is the senior body to the Academy and deigns to house it. Through the great portals one is in a yard that has known the tread of all the illustrious of France since 1662, year this building was erected. Not much imagination is required this morning. Grass is pushing up through the paving stones. General Bonaparte walked this way if Molière did not. There is a reminder of this in a bust close at hand inscribed: "*Rien ne manque à sa gloire, il manquait à la nôtre.*" Molière was blackballed; but more of that presently. Just now, on these mossy cobbles, what is the one and only suggestiveness arising? Why, an ensemble of lace, snuff, scent, billowing petticoats, white wigs, ruffles, mail coaches, *chaises-à-porteur*.

It has been computed that, all told, somewhere near 600 immortals have crossed this yard; but the totalling is not easy. It may be so up to fateful 1793 but then it gets wonky, and more than once. (I don't know if they'd admit "wonky.") "Each occupant of a fauteuil," observed M. Regnier, Secretary-General, "possesses a list of the previous occupants of that fauteuil down through the centuries. Thus, haphazardly, M. Abel Hermant, is the thirteenth occupant of Fauteuil No. 23, and he knows all the others. All? No, hardly that. Lists of fauteuil-holders approximately tally down to the Terror. But then the Academy, accused of being an 'intellectual aristocracy,' was replaced by a scientific and mathematical body, strictly rational, and if Napoleon did later play with a new form of Academy, the old one was not revived until 1816, by Louis XVIII. But continuity had then been lost. The thread was broken."

Inside, in the Salle where newcomers are received below the famous *coupole*, all dressed up in their green court uniforms and *bicorne* hats—invention of the First Consul, the sartorial Goering of his day—imagination was again not required. I dare say you know roughly what happens. Apart from sitting round whole afternoons debating whether "gigolo" or "gangster" should be recognised, apart from permanently regrammarizing the language, something else has always happened and still happens in this Salle. To enter the Academy, you first have to apply personally and in writing. This is too much for some people, occasionally the more eminent. They couldn't get Clemenceau to write for months *and* months, after which, he never took his fauteuil because the uniform was "too idiotic." I believe they also had trouble with Anatole. However, to be less discursive: Candidates apply, and they are balloted on, sometimes years later, since absolutely nothing moves quickly with the Académie Française whose telegraphic address might well be "Escargot, Paris." Their first dictionary took a trifle of sixty years to prepare. However, the duly elected are one day ceremoniously received (if lucky before they are dead or bedridden), on which occasion their great duty is to pronounce a flowing panegyric of the deceased fauteuil-holder they are succeeding (another difficulty with the "Tiger"; he couldn't find anyone to praise, not right back to 1635).

So what I wanted to say was this: standing in this Salle, just think of the truly marvellous prose it has known. Let me only mention a list of the Speaking Great who have *not* been received, and you may put all the other brilliant or golden voices in—Descartes, Scarron, Pascal, Molière, Balzac, the philosopher Bayle, Le Sage of *Gil Blas*, l'abbé Prevost, J. J. Rousseau, Diderot, André Chenier, poet of *Jeune Captive*, Beaumarchais, P. L. Courier the pamphleteer, Lammenais, Gérard de Nerval, who used to show off with a lobster on leash, Béranger the songster, Zola who put up several times, and Alexandre Dumas. Hugo only got in by the skin of his teeth: seventeen votes for, fifteen against. The illustrious ones who failed to pass muster for a variety of reasons, some contemporary, others belonging to any day, such as the permanently money-troubled Balzac, are known as the occupants of "the forty-first fauteuil" which of course doesn't exist. Many think the most dearly-designated forty-firster of the day to be Charles Maurras, the Royalist master. Though there are two or three vacancies at the moment, in part due to the deletion of Barthou and Poincaré in the same week, Maurras hasn't even thought of posing his candidature.

To revert to history—and, by the way, with all these writers, no history of the Academy is in existence. Richelieu had stipulated that all Academicians should be equal. Rumpus number one resulted through the Bishops refusing to sit on the same level as ordinary immortals. They wanted armchairs did the Episcopals. The demand nearly disrupted the Academy into one body for churchmen and one for laymen. However, le Roi Soleil had a brainwave. He sent round forty fauteuils to the Academy without comment. And, by the way, though often replaced by subsequent monarchs, not a blessed fauteuil of any sort of style can be traced to-day. Actually, the chairs currently employed are uncomfortable ordinary ones, quite hard, and calculated to be a curse during long sessions to the ailing, crippled, or infirm—such as a Poincaré who insisted on attending the Thursday afternoon sessions to the bitter end, even when tragically paralysed.

(What a telescoping is this article of the past into the present. Back again to the past.)

The notorious senatorial calm of this assembly was never more conspicuous than on January 21, 1793. It so chanced to be a Thursday, and the Academy should have met, but King Louis was being guillotined in the Place de la Concorde and but a solitary Academician braved the streets. There he sat in lone splendour in his fauteuil—though rumour *did* have it that the reason of his attendance was to snoop the *jetons*, the equivalent of pay, that were wont to be distributed to all present. ("Snoop"?)

I was forgetting a more passionate to-do, exactly 101 years before, yet what is that in immortality? They were still at that first dictionary when to the horror of the other thirty-nine, the Abbé de Furetière scooped his fellow fauteuilists by slipping a dictionary of his own to a publisher. The awful offence was still being debated four years later—what should they do with the fellow—when the fellow proceeded to die. But do not imagine that with him the matter was buried. In 1863, Saint-Beuve was still writing of it as "a crucial matter."

In point of fact, where one would have expected a community of peace and quiet among the traditionalists and elder brethren of the age, the Academy has shown until later decades a constant tale of quarrelling and dissensions, either domestic or the mirror of political passions without. Almost from the first the Academy had found itself divided into two parties, that of the Dukes and that of the Moderns (the division in a way endures). Frequently the king had to intervene to calm matters or tackle cabals. For example, there was a big strafe over getting La Fontaine in—his writing being considered immoral. Ultimately the king and the dukes smuggled the fable-master in, and

(Continued on p. 258)

Grace on the Ice

Outstanding Exponents of the Art of Figure Skating

POTENTIAL WORLD-BEATER: Jack Dunn, the young Englishman who took third place in the recent European Figure Skating Championship at St. Moritz but was relegated to fourth after a protest by Baier, of Germany, as to the accuracy of the marking. He gave a magnificent all-round performance and there is no doubt that he has a tremendous future

A WELL-MATCHED PAIR: Jack Dunn and Sonja Henie, the world champion woman figure skater, seen on the ice at St. Moritz. They will shortly be starting out on an exhibition tour of the European capitals

A WINNING COUPLE: Maxie Herber and Ernst Baier, of Germany, the new European Doubles Champions. *Left*—Sonja Henie, Jack Dunn, and Gwennyth Butler in a St. Moritz restaurant

A SEA OF

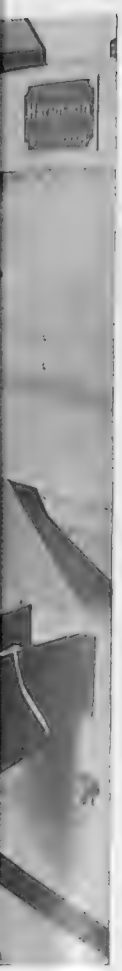
A Series of Pictures Taken in a Recently Built and Modernly Equipped Granary at Emden, Prussia

HIGH-SPEED UNLOADING: A mechanical grab used for transferring corn from the holds of the ships which bring it to Emden—the port near the mouth of the River Ems. The grain is then conveyed to the new granary, where it is specially treated by modern processes in order to prevent it from losing its quality as a result of unsuitable local climatic conditions

THE SEPARATOR: When the corn is passed throu this is completely cleansed, and any extrane mat contain is discharged throug chu

BREAD IN EMBRYO: An immense pile of corn on the floor of the granary. Before being stored it first has to be conditioned, cleansed, and dried

CORN



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COUNTERACTING THE EFFECTS OF CLIMATE: When corn arrives at the granary it has a tendency to overheat, in which condition it rapidly deteriorates. In order to prevent this it is spread out on floors, and men are employed in turning it over constantly to aerate it and render it fit for storage. If this work is done properly it can be kept for at least four years

On left—A LABOUR-SAVING SYSTEM: The chute, above the granary floor, into which the mechanical grab discharges loads of grain conveyed from ships at the wharf

On right—AGAINST THE GRAIN: A picture which at first arouses feelings of horror. However, the corn these men are so calmly sitting on has yet to undergo the cleansing process

CEYLON'S PLIGHT

The Malaria Epidemic, Occasioned by the Abnormal Drought in 1934, which has Resulted in a Death-roll of at Least 30,000

By C. W. GRANGE

PARADISE LOST: A typical scene in the interior of Ceylon, where the malaria epidemic has been at its worst

THE NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT COLOMBO, a striking architectural addition to the city

AFTER courageously coping with and surviving the depressions in the tea, rubber, and coconut industries, it is one of the ironies of Fate that the beautiful island of Ceylon should now be fighting an epidemic of malaria of sufficient virulence to attract the sympathetic attention of the world. Unfortunately at the same time it provides material for unwarranted and harmful headlines in the more sensational newspapers. Malaria is, of course, an old enemy of Ceylon. We believe that the ancient civilisation of which we find such striking evidence in the buried cities of Anuradhapura and Polonnaruwa (which vie with Pompeii and Herculaneum in antiquity and archæological interest) was destroyed by this scourge. But during recent years, except in certain isolated districts, the incidence of the disease has been comparatively slight, and in Colombo, Kandy, Nuwara Eliya and Bandarawela, the chief tourist resorts, practically non-existent.

Tourists need have no qualms about visiting Ceylon—they are far less likely to contract malaria in Colombo than they are to catch influenza in London.

From the latest messages received, the North Western and North Central Provinces have sustained the main impact.

In the North Western Province alone the registered deaths were 1,394 in November last, 3,463 in December and 7,038 in January, of which latter total no less than 5,468 victims were children under fourteen. The normal monthly average of mortality is 700.

The North Western Province may be likened in extent to Counties Galway and Roscommon in Ireland, Ceylon being almost the same size as our neighbour.

It is idle to deny the seriousness of the outbreak. It is caused, according to the experts, by the abnormal drought experienced in 1934. The lack of rain caused what would normally be rushing torrents to be transformed into isolated pools, admirable breeding places for the mosquito known as *anopheles culicifacies*.

Such has been the publicity accorded to the outbreak that almost every child knows how the mosquito which has bitten an infected person carries on the malarial parasite to the healthy by another bite. With the advent of an extraordinary number of mosquitoes, obviously the opportunity for carrying infection was enormously increased.

The reader will ask whether the epidemic could have been foreseen, and to what extent it could have been forestalled by the passing of the Mosquito Ordinance rejected by the Ceylon State Council in 1933.

There are two main methods of combating malaria. Anti-larval measures, i.e. oiling the streams and pools to destroy the mosquito larvae at their breeding places, and prophylactic measures, by treatment of likely malarial contacts with plasmoquine and kindred drugs.

There has been a tendency to utilise the rejection of the Mosquito Ordinance of 1933 as a political stick with which to beat the Ceylon State Council. This seems to the writer to be unfair, as similar legislation was introduced into the former Legislative Council in 1928—three years before universal suffrage and the State Council came into being—passed its second reading, and was referred to a select committee, but for some reason was never proceeded with. Thus, on two separate occasions, opportunities to take precautionary measures were allowed to pass unused.

In this connection the views of a European nominated member of the State Council, who himself took part in the debate on the Mosquito Ordinance in 1933 are important.

He explained that during the debate of 1933 many of the members were obsessed by the harassing restrictions which the provisions of the Ordinance must necessarily place on the village population in the oiling and filling-in of ditches and other breeding places of the mosquito, and, of course, the old democratic *cliché* of "interference with the liberty of the subject" was raised. The Second Reading of the Bill was, however, defeated by a narrow majority of three, largely owing to the fact that many members, knowing the local conditions and the mentality of the villagers and those charged with enforcing the provisions of the Ordinance, felt that many of the proposed measures were quite impracticable, except in a case of *extreme* emergency. There seemed to be some doubt as to whether powers for anti-mosquito measures in time of such an emergency did not exist under certain Contagious Diseases Ordinances and Local Government by-laws, although the Minister of Health, who presented a magnificent defence of the Bill, assured the members that they did not.

Had the medical authorities represented that there was real danger of a serious epidemic, and that legislative powers were essential to enable them when necessity arose to adopt drastic measures, he thought that the voting would have been different. The possibilities of a yellow fever epidemic owing to the potentialities of the aeroplane in conveying infected mosquitoes were mentioned, but he did not think that it was sufficiently emphasized that extraordinary powers were needed to deal with an extremely probable extraordinary situation.

PEOPLE OF A STRICKEN ISLAND: Sufferers from malaria awaiting their daily supplies outside a medicine distributing centre

It is important to emphasise, however, that the Association of Tea and Rubber Estates Proprietors—representing the big European capital invested in Ceylon tea and rubber estates—themselves organised and financed as long ago as 1926, in the interests of their Indian labour, a Malaria Control Scheme with their own malariologist and staff, and remarkably successful results have been achieved in reducing the incidence of malaria among estate populations. Much of the anti-larval work on rivers and streams which should have been undertaken or at least assisted by Government was carried out by this private scheme, and the work was supplemented by prophylactic treatment with the drugs plasmoquine and quinplasmoquine. During the recent tea and more particularly rubber slump, anti-larval measures had to be discontinued owing to their cost, and the cheaper prophylactic treatment of estate labourers was continued with very successful results, as is proved by graphs and figures. It should be explained that plasmoquine and quinplasmoquine destroy the gametocytes in the blood which are the carriers of the disease and infect any mosquito which bites a person who is a "carrier," hence the immunising of a person who is a "carrier" reduces the spread of the disease.

While it is difficult to apply the prophylactic treatment to village populations by the same method as employed for the more disciplined estate populations, the Government Medical Department were slow to recognise the value of prophylactic measures.

The European nominated member also pointed out that the malariologist of the private Malaria Control Scheme, Colonel Clemesha, late I.M.S., had constantly issued warnings that the years 1930–33 in which rainfall was fortunately very evenly distributed, with consequently low malarial incidence, could not be regarded as an indication for the future. As far as he was aware, the Government Medical Department had taken no steps to warn the public of the danger of a serious epidemic.

Turning back to the question of the Mosquito Ordinance of December, 1933, he expressed the opinion that it was doubtful in any case whether the passing of the Ordinance could, in a short period of twelve months, have made any material difference to the situation which has now arisen.

The emergency having arrived, it is only fair to remark that the State Council has attacked the problem with energy and determination. More than 1,250,000 rupees were expended in fighting the disease last month, while every available doctor and nurse has long since been mobilized.

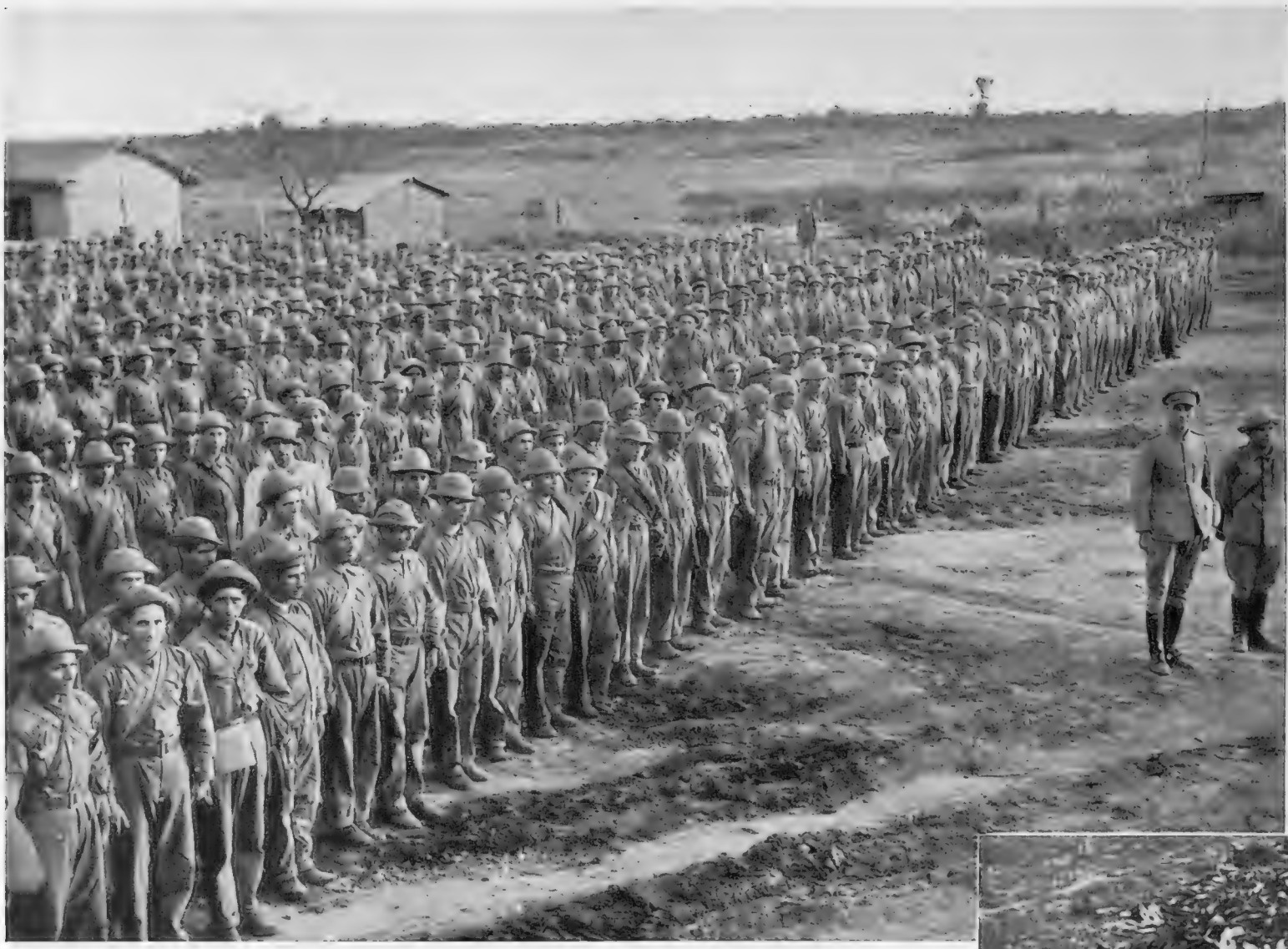
The latest report contained in a private cable reads: "No foundation alarming reports; Medical Department consider position well in hand."

WAR IN THE "GREEN HELL"

The Long-Drawn-Out Struggle Between Paraguay and Bolivia for Possession of the Gran Chaco —A Strip of Territory Consisting Largely of Swamp and Jungle

SOLDIERS OF PARAGUAY: Men, most of whom are of Indian descent, who have been fighting for the past two-and-a-half years in the jungles and swamps of the Gran Chaco. Both Bolivia and Paraguay seem determined to carry on to the bitter end, in spite of the fact that the male population in both countries is seriously depleted and the financial resources of the two Governments are at a low ebb. According to the latest report, the Paraguayans are at the moment in a strong position, having captured Boyuibe, an important strategic point, and having succeeded in separating the Northern and Southern Bolivian armies

PRISONERS OF WAR: An enormous company of Bolivian soldiers, captured during a recent Paraguayan offensive, lined up after arriving by river steamer at the port of Asuncion. Bolivia's losses in the past few months have been tremendous, and now, in a desperate effort to stave off defeat, the Government has ordered the mobilization of the nation's entire man power for service in the field and behind the lines. Needless to say, business life is almost at a standstill



BOUND FOR THE FRONT: Paraguayan troops lined up before entraining—a large proportion of them doomed never to return. During the two-and-a-half years of fighting in the Chaco the mortality has averaged 1 in 5, as compared with 1 in 10 in the Great War, and 1 in 20 in the South African War. Many of the men have died from fever contracted in the swamps and lack of adequate medical attention

THE PRICE OF VICTORY: Some of the 10,000 Bolivian ca train to Asuncion to be placed in concentration camps. guayans have a total of over 20,000 prisoners, the cost of Government's diminis

A BOLIVIAN MACHINE-GUN POSITION in the jungle near Fort Ballivian, which was captured last month during a Paraguayan bayonet charge

A COSTLY EXPERIMENT: One of Bolivia's six tanks with w during the early days of the war. The tanks, which t w a great failure; partly because they are so small at front of their lines, and partly because the crews ve and endurance o

To-day Bolivia is fighting with her back to the wall, and it is becoming doubtful if she will ever attain her ambition of gaining possession of the Gran Chaco and thus enable herself to establish a port on the Paraguay river which would give her the so-much-desired outlet to the sea. For two-and-a-half years the war has gone on, and in this futile struggle, which can only mean economic disaster for both countries if it continues much longer, tens of thousands of men have lost their lives. One thing seems certain, Paraguay is prepared to fight to the bitter end. Nearly sixty-five years ago she was involved in a similar struggle when

(*Continued in right-hand column*)

FIGHTING FOR A SEMI-SWAMP

Further Pictures from the Gran Chaco

SCENE OF A DESPERATE STRUGGLE: The fort at Muñoz after it had been bombarded by the advancing Paraguayans and burnt by the retreating Bolivians. Both armies are now fairly well equipped with weapons and, although the use of heavy artillery has been found to be impracticable on account of the swampy and thickly-wooded nature of the country, their bombing 'planes and trench mortars are capable of creating considerable havoc

captured at the battle of Campo Via being taken by ...os. It is estimated that, at the moment, the Para... of whose upkeep is a very considerable burden on the ...inished exchequer

...h was destroyed by gun-fire at the battle of Nanawa ...t was hoped would be a decisive factor, have proved ...at the enemy can trap them in camouflaged pits in ...ve, up to now, lacked the necessary mechanical skill ...o operate them

PREPARING FOR THE RAINY SEASON: A wooden bridge being built by Paraguayan engineers to ensure communication with the front line

Francisco Solano Lopez, the dictator, marched an army through Argentine territory to invade southern Brazil. The war that followed lasted five years, during which every male Paraguayan capable of bearing arms was enlisted; whole regiments being formed of boys of from twelve to fifteen years of age. According to the *Encyclobædia Britannica* even women were used as beasts of burden to carry ammunitions, and when no longer capable of work were left to die by the roadside or killed to avoid any ill-consequences of their capture. When hostilities began the population of the country was 1,337,439; when the end came there were only 28,746 men, 106,254 women, and 86,079 children left.

The Struggle in the Chaco

A VALUABLE CAPTURE: A cannon, taken from the Bolivians, about to be sent behind the Paraguayan lines for repair before being used to bombard its former possessors. During the past two years considerable profits have been made by European armament firms who have been supplying the belligerents with modern weapons of war

TRENCHES IN THE JUNGLE: The Bolivian front line deserted after a successful Paraguayan offensive. Fighting in this type of country is not unlike that which was encountered in the campaign in East Africa during the Great War, as the attackers often have to cut their way through thick undergrowth when advancing and are in constant danger of being "picked off" by enemy snipers

A COMMON NEED: This barbed-wire protected well between the Paraguayan and Bolivian lines was visited by soldiers on both sides, and so many of them were killed by snipers that the two forces eventually came to an agreement that those going to obtain water should not be fired upon. During the war the wells have usually been the scenes of the most desperate fighting

DENTAL REPAIRS AT THE FRONT: A Paraguayan dentist at work in a hastily-erected hut. The men outside are evidently waiting their turn

AN AERIAL AMBULANCE: Typhus-stricken soldiers about to be rushed back to the Paraguayan capital. Several 'planes of this type are now in use

IN FRANCE TO-DAY

And a Cause Célèbre in One of Her Colonies

IN THE COVENT GARDEN OF PARIS: One of the porters who was entertained to a meal by the Committee for the Defence of the Employees of the Central Markets on the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone for a new market building

PRIVILEGES FOR ALIENS! Students of the University of Paris barring the entrance of the Medical Faculty during the strike which they organized a few days ago as a demonstration of sympathy with the members of the various provincial universities who have "downed books" to protest against the special facilities extended to foreign students. It appears that regulations recently issued by the Ministry of Education permit foreigners who hold certain degrees to obtain equivalent degrees in France after one instead of three years and without passing the usual examinations or paying fees

AN ANTI-GOVERNMENT DEMONSTRATION: As M. Flandin, the French Premier, was leaving Notre Dame after attending the requiem mass for those who lost their lives in the Stavisky riots of last February, the Royalist section of the crowd outside the cathedral began booing and shouting "Down with the assassins," "To the stake with Flandin." The scuffle seen in this picture ensued, but order was restored in a few minutes and the day passed off much more quietly than was expected

A GEM OF ART IN A NEW SETTING: Extensive alterations are being made to the Louvre, and this picture was taken a few days ago after the Venus de Milo had been moved by electric trolley to a newly decorated gallery and was about to be placed on its pedestal. The greatest precautions were taken to prevent the famous sculpture from being damaged

DESERT DRAMA: Lieutenant Cabanes standing his trial in the court at Sousse, Tunisia, on a charge of murdering his commanding officer, Colonel Caillon. The accused, who was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, pleaded that he acted under great provocation, and that he shot Caillon because of his ill-treatment of Madame Caillon

A NATIVE TESTIFIES: A goumier giving evidence at the trial of Lieutenant Cabanes. During the summing-up the Judge said: "Two officers have dragged their glorious military past in the dust"

COAXING A SMILE: A nurse and one of her young patients at the Paddington Green Children's Hospital

THE KING EDWARD FUND

ONE OF THE WARDS: Another scene at the Paddington Green Hospital which, in spite of inadequate funds, is doing an immense amount of good work on behalf of the children. Over 35,000 out-patients are treated there annually

How Over £300,000 is Distributed Every Year Among the Hospitals Most in Need

By CHARLES GRAVES

Thanks very largely to the steadying influence of King Edward's Hospital Fund, the financial position of the 145 hospitals within eleven miles of St. Paul's is—on paper, at any rate—much better than the public would suppose. According to the latest figures, which, however, are not very recent, for they only take us to the beginning of last year, there was a large increase in the number of hospitals showing surpluses and a corresponding decrease in the numbers showing deficits. There was also a larger increase in the total of the surpluses, accompanied by an equally striking reduction in the total of the deficits. The number of hospital surpluses was ninety-eight, the highest figure ever recorded, while the deficits numbered forty-seven, the lowest figure on record. All told, the former amounted to just over £300,000, while the latter was reduced to £61,000. If I am not being too statistical, the net aggregate surplus was, in fact, nearly £250,000.

This, however, does not mean that the hospitals are not badly in need of money. At the present minute the extensions and rebuildings or removals of three of the biggest have been in a state of suspended animation for some time. I refer to the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, the Westminster Hospital, and the Middlesex. These extensions or removals have been desirable for a long time, but owing to the slump and its after effects they have had to hold their hand. The fact is that it is extremely difficult to accumulate money for new equipment or for extensions. It is only by the use of the greatest economy that most of the hospitals are able to keep their actual running cost slightly below their income.

To give an idea of the economy exercised in a hospital let us take the case of one of the smallest, poorest, and most deserving. I refer to Paddington Green Children's Hospital. In the latest statistical summary one sees that the total of the voluntary gifts was less than £4,000 for the year; the total receipts from patients, public authorities, came to slightly over £2,000; while the total interest and dividends was under £3,000. Aided by a legacy of £1,000 their total general income came to £9,873, whereas their total expenditure was £11,766, showing a deficit therefore of nearly £2,000. This hospital, small as it is, treats over 35,000 children a year in the out-patients' department. When they analysed the cost of each occupied bed, or rather cot, they found these figures: the provisions cost £39 a year per child (which, goodness knows, is little enough), the surgery and dispensary came to £8, the proportion of domestic service amounted to £51, salaries and wages (maintenance) came to £62, with miscellaneous details, £4, and administration, £14. This gives a figure of £180 per cot per year, with additional sums necessary for renewals and repairs, making a grand total of £206 a year. As to the small out-patients, the various figures when added up produce the sum of £119 per 1,000 attendances. If that is not economy, what is?

This hospital finds it compulsory to extend although it is already in debt. The population of London is always growing; more and more motor cars and other vehicles appear on the streets and run children down. This is where the King Edward's Hospital Fund steps in like a Fairy (but necessarily somewhat Scottish) Godmother, and grants £1,054, of which £200 is to reduce the debt.

Perhaps the King Edward Fund needs explaining. It was founded in 1897 by the late King Edward when Prince of Wales in commemoration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. An appeal for contributions produced nearly £250,000 in the first year. Since then it has gone on raising and distributing money intelligently to the London hospitals. To-day it has funds of nearly £4,000,000 which bring an income of more than £180,000 a year. It also raises about another £150,000. The result is that its officials have just been able to announce that last year it distributed no less than £320,000 to the hospitals several of the grants being over £10,000.

At this point one ought to pay a tribute to the late Lord Mount Stephen, who during his lifetime and after his death was responsible for swelling the Fund by nearly £1,500,000. Meantime one of its most useful functions is in classifying as far as is possible all the statistics of the various hospitals in relation to income and expenditure. Thus it is interesting to see that the total income of the London hospitals in 1933 was a trifle over £4,000,000 as opposed to an expenditure of nearly £3,750,000. In considering these facts one must, however, bear two things in mind. In the first place the figures of the surpluses represent the difference between the income and the expenditure only of the year in question. They do not represent the position of the general fund at the end of the year; and to arrive at this figure it would be necessary to take account of the accumulated surpluses or deficits of previous years and of the appropriations from the general fund to expenditure on buildings.

A STUDIOUS CONVALESCENT: His first day out of bed after a long illness

To revert to the King's Fund, many people agree that it has an unfortunate name. It sounds distinctly static. What a pity they do not call it the Prince of Wales's Fund! In practice its administrative activities are very considerable. The distribution of £320,000 a year requires a complete twelve months' examination of the affairs of the hospitals by the Distribution Committee, the Hospital Economy Committee, the Revenue Committee, and the visitors. The accounts, administration, cost of working, extension schemes, and anything else that may affect their relative claims for grants are very carefully studied. In addition, the fund has gradually come to exercise (by the by, I am quoting the Prince of Wales here) some of the functions of a kind of central body for the voluntary hospitals of London, using its influence, while carefully respecting their individuality and their freedom. As a matter of fact, and I am not quoting anybody now, the fund has become really the M.C.C. of the London hospitals. It cannot dictate, but it can, if it wishes, bring strong negative pressure to bear on the various hospitals.

Many people will be considerably interested in the pay-beds committee which the Prince of Wales himself appointed to enquire into and report on this point. Many people prefer, if they can secure a bed, to be in a hospital rather than a nursing home, and the committee reported that an extension of the pay-bed system of voluntary hospitals, with due safeguards for the maintenance and extension of the ordinary beds, would be of advantage to the patients of all classes, the individual hospitals, and the voluntary hospital system as a whole.

Which brings me to the Hospital Savings Association, instituted in 1924, with the aid of the King's Fund. This has proved immensely valuable to the hospitals and also to people of incomes under £300 a year. It has enabled the ordinary hospital patient to make provision in advance by means of a weekly contribution of threepence a week, out of which the Association makes payment to the hospital in respect of each member receiving treatment. The latest figures show that the hospitals benefited from this to the tune of £400,000 a year—all made up in coppers.

In conclusion, one might point out that the officials of the King Edward's Hospital Fund are not particularly fond of the agonizing type of hospital appeal. Though the need for money is as acute as ever, they think it would be much better to appeal to the common sense and conscience of the public. In other words, to appeal to their heads as well as to their hearts. After a time the crescendo of howls for assistance from the hospitals is liable to defeat its own object. The public knows quite well that hospitals always manage somehow to carry on even though they are "falling to rack and ruin." It is much better, therefore, to point out that the individual hospital is extremely hard up, that the increase in patients and the increase in the cost of taking proper care of those patients is an acute problem and one that can only be solved by greater generosity on the part of all of us.

YOUTH TAKES THE AIR

Random Pictures in Hyde Park

PERSONALITIES IN THE PRAMS: *Left*—Master George Henry Vivian Smith, baby son of Lady Helen Smith and grandson of Lord Rosebery. *Right*—Lady Caroline Villiers, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Jersey

SHADOWS IN THE WINTER SUN

Miss J. Cannon, Miss J. Diggens, and Miss H. Bignold out with their nurses

IN PENSIVE MOOD

Michael Winn, only son of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Winn

AFTER A MORNING IN THE ROW

Youthful riders being escorted home by their parents

Lady Brougham and Vaux with the Hon. Peter Brougham. He was born in 1932

MOTHER AND SON

SEVILLE

Andalusia's Gay Capital

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

It would be difficult to find a more delightful place for a spring holiday than Seville, the gay capital of the province of Andalusia, in Southern Spain. The climate then is perfect—warm, dry, and sunny, and it is the time of the year when this most Spanish of all Spanish cities is seen at its brightest and best, for then is the time when fairs and festivals are so frequent that the streets are often filled with townsfolk and peasants from the countryside resplendent in vivid costumes, and there is gaiety in the air from morn till night. Then one sees much of Spanish life and temperament, and is able to gain an insight into the national character; and yet another and extremely impressive side is observed when, during Holy Week, there are religious services and processions which for splendour and solemnity are the most remarkable in all Spain.

Standing on a rich and vast plain, on the Guadalquivir's left bank, Seville has a fine situation, and its proximity to the sea—for it is only a little over fifty miles from the Atlantic and is a thriving port, with an export trade in wines, oranges, lemons, olives, cork, and iron and lead ores—led to its settlement in very early times; and in Roman days, in the second century, B.C., it was the capital of the Roman province of Baetica. Julius Cæsar gave it the name of Colonia Julia Romula; the emperors Hadrian, Trajan, and Theodosius were born in the neighbourhood—at Itálica—and there are worthy memorials of those times existing—the remains of a fine amphitheatre at Itálica, and the remains of an aqueduct on 410 arches.

Seville became the capital of the Vandals at the beginning of the fifth century, and in 712 the Moors took possession of it after a lengthy siege, and Moorish it remained until 1248, when Ferdinand III restored it to Christendom. The Moors enriched Seville with many magnificent buildings, of which three remain unravaged by time and go far towards accounting for its architectural fame—the Alcazar, a palace comparable in interest and beauty with the Alhambra of Granada, with extensive and lovely gardens, among which figure beautiful palms; the Giralda, a bell tower, the lower and original part nearly 200 ft. in height, with the exterior encrusted with delicate Moorish detail, and the upper part of 100 ft., in Renaissance style, added in 1568, the finest specimen of its kind in Europe; and the Torre del Oro (the Golden Tower), a fine building of the period of the Almohades, but with an eighteenth-century superstructure.

Spanish art is represented in Seville by the great Gothic cathedral, built between the years 1492 and 1519. One of the largest churches in the world, it covers an area of 125,000 sq. ft. as against the 84,000 sq. ft. of St. Paul's. The interior forms a parallelogram, with a nave and four aisles, with a centre dome 121 ft. in height, and its thirty-two immense clustered columns, marble floor, and seventy-four windows filled with painted glass, produce an effect of striking magnificence.

The cathedral has the honour of giving shelter to the remains of the great Columbus. In its many richly decorated chapels are priceless pictures by Murillo, who, like Velasquez, was born in Seville, Luis de Vargas, Valdés Leal, El Greco, Goya, Fernandez, and Francesco Pacheco, and its treasury contains numerous objects of extraordinary value—the monstrance of Arfe, a reliquary presented by the "Wise" King, the Alfonso tables, chalices, crosses, and arms of gold. Should you chance to pay the cathedral a visit on the festival either of Corpus Christi or of the Immaculate Conception, you will see the unique and curious ritual of a solemn dance, with castanets, performed by the choir boys before the high altar, an ancient custom of which the origin is obscure.

FRAMED IN DEEPEST BLUE: The exquisite Giralda, originally the minaret of the ancient Seville mosque, now the Christian belfry

"HONEY IN THEIR HIPS": The billowing dresses and arrogant poise of the dancing girls at a Seville Thé Dansant typify all the warmth and gaiety of the city itself—veritably the spirit of Andalusia

Other buildings of beauty and interest in Seville are Santa Catalina, with its remarkable panelled ceiling; Santa Paula, with its Gothic porch and many-coloured ceramic decorations; the church of La Caridad, which has six fine Murillos; the Capilla de la Universidad, noted for its sculptures and tombs of Renaissance style; the Casa de Pilatos, a combination of Moorish, Gothic, and Renaissance architecture; and the Casa de la Lonja, the Exchange, dating from 1598, which has a handsome patio and a fine brown and red marble staircase leading to Archivo General de las Indias, where there is a library of 30,000 volumes relating to the voyages of Spanish discoverers.

No less interesting than its glories of the past is present life in Seville. The fashionable promenade of Sevillians is the Paseo de las Delicias, which leads to the large and beautiful park of Maria Luisa, and here you will see numbers of smartly-dressed folk taking their airing. But the centre of public life in Seville is in the narrow Calle de las Sierpas, where vehicular traffic is prohibited, and where the best shops are, casinos too, and numerous cafés thronged with people, who watch the passers-by and, in their turn, afford others the same interest when they themselves parade. Here are to be seen the famous toreadors of the day, and the Andalusian "majos," with their broad-brimmed sombreros and well-fitting short velvet jackets, tastefully dressed Spanish ladies wearing shawl and mantilla, with sweet-scented flowers in the hair lend their touch of gaiety and colour to the scene, and sellers of lottery tickets and newsvendors help to make amends for the absence of the noise of traffic. It is a revelation of the life of modern Spain here in this 2,000-year-old city, as prosperous to-day as ever, and where, though it is a great commercial centre, the lighter and more joyous side of life is seen to the full.

THE EDEN OF SEVILLE: The beautiful garden of the Alcazar, famed for its perfumed orange groves, palm trees, myrtle hedges, fountains, and shady walks—a delightful spot in which to while away an hour on a lazy afternoon

REMINDER OF THE DAYS OF ROMAN DOMINATION: The ruins of the amphitheatre at Itálica, a town founded by Scipio Africanus as a home for his veterans. It is claimed to have been the birthplace of three emperors

Seville has good accommodation for its visitors, with many hotels of various grades; and prices, with the exchange in their favour, are very attractive to guests from this country. Hotels and their services throughout Spain have been greatly improved of late by the Spanish State Tourist Department, which issues lists of those recommended and is always ready to give advice on the subject. Seville is up to date in the matter of sport, for it has its golf club, good facilities for tennis, and race meetings, and as for amusement, there are several theatres and cabarets and many cinemas. What must be seen are some of the varied and unique Andalusian dances, often given at a restaurant *thé dansant*, to the accompaniment of the guitar and the rhythm of the castanet, fascinating to behold.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

LONDON ENTERTAINERS

In Revue, Cabaret, and Opera

A STAR OF NON-STOP: Meggie Eaton, the charming soubrette in *Revudeville* — the variety show which recently celebrated its third anniversaary at the Windmill

Norman Parkinson

MUSCULAR GRACE: An excellent camera-study of Esmond Knight, the talented juvenile lead in C. B. Cochran's *Streamline*, which is continuing to draw large audiences to the Palace Theatre. One of his earlier successes was in *Wild Violets* at Drury Lane

A COMIC OPERA REVIVED: Edith Coates and Ruth Naylor who will be appearing in Auber's *Fra Diavolo* which is to be presented at Sadler's Wells on February 20. It deals with the adventures of an English honeymoon couple in the 1830's

A PROPHETESS AMONG THE TEA-CUPS: Jene Dennis, the American clairvoyant, who is proving a great tea-time attraction at the Savoy Hotel. She will answer any questions about the future which may be put to her, and, according to many of those who have sought her advice, her predictions are often amazingly accurate

DANCERS OF MERIT: *Left*—Gomez and Winona, who are appearing in the new Monte Carlo Follies at Grosvenor House. *Right*—Eve Galli and Douglas Craig in the cabaret at the Piccadilly Hotel. Sydney Kyte, suave wielder of the baton, is conducting

For the early Spring—a diagonal black and white Scotch tweed coat, with a wide belt and buttons and a buckle of natural horn. Shaped to the waist by tucks, it has a very low inverted pleat in the back. The scarf is of yellow silk and wool—warm and soft and patterned with foxes' masks. With the coat, it comes from Burberrys, in the Haymarket

A novelty woollen bouclé in delphinium blue makes the suit shewn below. The jacket has a wide half belt across the back, with two open box pleats at the waist, and the single-edged revers are hand turned so that they lie perfectly flat. The skirt has two panels at the back and front, ending in pleats. This suit costs 7½ guineas at Harrods

THE TIMELESS APPEAL OF TAILORED SIMPLICITY

Rust and stone are the predominating shades in the Scotch tweed suit on the left. Very trim and beautifully cut, it has two real and two false pockets, an interesting feature of the jacket being the curved cut-away front—a detail that is important. The skirt is specially to be commended because it is so practical. It consists of five gores, and therefore has nothing to get out of shape. This suit costs 6½ guineas and comes from Harrods of Knightsbridge

The Art of Nicholas Lancret

Four Examples of his Work at the First Important Picture Sale of the Year

The first picture sale of importance since the Christmas vacation will be seen at Messrs. Christie's on February 22. Twenty pictures are coming from Thorpe Hall, Rudston, in East Yorkshire, the property of Sir Godfrey Macdonald of the Isles. These include four "conversation pieces" of special interest by Nicholas Lancret entitled "Les Heures du Jour." The two which are illustrated here are "Le Matin," where a lady, seated on a sofa, is pouring out tea for an abbé, while a maid stands nearby holding some lace; and "L'Après-dîner," where three ladies and a gentleman are to be seen in a garden. The man and one of the ladies are seated at a table playing a game with dice and counters. The four pictures were painted by the artist shortly before the Salon of 1741, where engravings of the pictures were exhibited. Lancret was a Parisian, a fellow student with Watteau, whom he subsequently plagiarised in a way which roused Watteau's anger so much that he described him as "the most perfect of his apes." But Lancret was no mere imitator, as these pictures show. The colossal price of £12,320 was paid for a Fête Champêtre picture by Lancret in Paris in 1908. This would have surprised Lord Hertford and Sir Richard Wallace when they were forming what is now known as the Wallace Collection, which contains the very clever and spirited picture "Mademoiselle Camargo Dancing" and for which only £396 was paid. It will be interesting to know what price is obtained for these four attractive pictures.

There is a good portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds of Julia Bosville, Viscountess Dudley and Ward (the second daughter of Godfrey Bosville of Gunthwaite and Thorpe, Yorkshire) who died in 1833 at her house in Bryanston Square. She was then a widow, and as her only son had died she bequeathed her handsome fortune to the Rev. Saxby Penfold, Rector of Trinity Church, Marylebone. The picture was painted in 1773 before her marriage. Among the Dutch pictures belonging to Sir Godfrey Macdonald is one by Jan Steen "The Bridal Couple's Return from Church" showing the bride being led towards the entrance of a country house, followed by the guests who have evidently been at the marriage service at the church shown in the distance. This picture is unusual for Jan Steen, who has omitted his customary coarseness; there is no sign of the tavern drinker, everyone is eminently well-to-do and respectable.

Two Morland sporting pictures "Going to the Meet" and "The Death" come from the collection of Mr. Victor Emanuel. These two pictures were in the sale room only a few years ago, in 1928, when they realised £1,207.

One of the principal items in the sale of old English and Scottish silver at Christie's on February 20 is an Elizabethan standing salt and cover, 11 ins. high, with a finial of Hercules with shield and spear, dated 1578. Other items of interest are the eight William III four-pronged table forks, each engraved with a crest and dated 1698—Edinburgh. For about a hundred years after the time of William of Orange it was customary to use three-pronged forks, though our present four-pronged style were occasionally made, and sometimes appear in the sale rooms. It is rare, however, to be able to obtain a set of eight such forks of William III date. Silversmiths during the latter years of the seventeenth century must have been making the three varieties of forks, two, three, and four prongs, for all three kinds are to be found, though doubtless the three-pronged was the most usual. A set of six two-pronged forks dated 1697 sold at Sotheby's four years ago for £306.

Next week, also, Messrs. Christie are dispersing the third and final portion of the collection of Old English drinking glasses belonging to Mr. Grant R. Francis. There are some rare ale glasses engraved with hops and barley; engraved Jacobite glasses, one of them containing a threepence of James II dated 1687, and some glasses with a rare colour. There are also a number of fine Baluster and Knop stem glasses, which all collectors know as the particular style which evolved when "flint-glass" made the lengthening of the stem possible, and the glass designer created something resembling the eighteenth-century balustrading. The Bond Street sale rooms of Messrs. Sotheby opened in the last week in January, when a two-day sale of Rembrandt etchings realized a total of just over £4,000. On Friday in this week there was an interesting sale of Chinese pottery, which included some attractive figures of horses, about 2 ft. high. One pair of pawing horses, with long manes and highly arched necks, bearing traces of red, black, and blue pigment, belonged to the T'ang dynasty, that period of Chinese greatness which lasted for 300 years, from 618 to 906 A.D.

A most important book sale took place in New York this week, at the American Art Association Anderson Galleries, when the library of the Rev. Dr. Roderick Terry was dispersed. Among the early printed books was Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, printed at Westminster by William Caxton in 1483, and a first edition of *Homer*, printed in Florence not later than 1488. There were choice opportunities for Shakespeare collectors, who had the chance of securing a rare first edition of his poems, dated 1640; a *King Henry the Sixth*, London, 1619; *The Tragedie of King Richard the Second*, 1616, and many others.

B. H.

"LE MATIN": One of the four conversation pieces by Nicholas Lancret (1660–1743) which will be offered for sale at Christie's on February 22. This French painter of *fêtes galantes* derived his main inspiration from Watteau, although his work never achieved the richness of that of the master

"L'APRÈS-DÎNER": Another conversation piece by Lancret. His pictures have varied very greatly in price, as much as £12,320 having been paid for one example of his art, and as little as £396 for another

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY SILVERWORK: An Elizabethan standing salt and cover, with a finial of Hercules, which is to be offered for sale at Christie's on February 20

"ANNE OF AUSTRIA": A portrait by Rubens which has just been acquired from the J. P. Morgan collection by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. The price is reported to have been somewhere in the neighbourhood of £50,000

PLAYS and FILMS of the WEEK

Sir John Martin-Harvey in "The Convict": Lavish Settings but Poor Dialogue in the Latest Toeplitz Historical Production

"MURDER IN MOTLEY": Two scenes from the crime play by Fenn Sherle and Ingram D'Abbes which is now running at the Kingsway. *Left*—Enid Stamp-Taylor and Bernard Lee. *Above*—Examining the blood-stained ladder—a possible clue to the murder

By PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY

The humble interior of the poor man's home is the setting for part of the action of two plays running at present in the West End which are in sharp contrast to each other.

It was regrettable that I went to one with the terrific impressiveness of the other still lingering in my mind. With the bitter cry of *Love on the Dole*, that play of fierce sincerity and reality at the Garrick Theatre, still ringing in my ears I could not but find in *The Convict*, which was presented at the Westminster as a vehicle for Sir John Martin-Harvey, anything but disappointment.

I am aware that I am uttering heresy which, if this were not the year 1935, would condemn me to at least burning at the stake, when I state my opinion that though C. E. Openshaw and Miss Dickens have laboured lovingly to present those figures which Dickens grandpère created for the joy of his generation, those figures seem to this but puppets, and a play built round them as unreal as a fleeting dream. For it *is* the year 1935, and those figures of Dickens bring to me no joy. If they seemed flesh and blood all those years ago they sag with sawdust now.

I will confess that I saw very little of *The Convict*. Enough to assure me that Sir John's acting is, as ever, superb in his style, and that Jean Cadell, Hubert Gregg (who played Pip), Wilfred Walter, Thea Holme, and all the others of the numerous cast were worthy support: but after *Love on the Dole* I could not endure an artificiality which seemed to me so obvious, and regretfully withdrew from it.

If one admits the art of the theatre then that art, like any other, must fight year by year for progress and development, and, as in Walter Greenwood's pulsating play, show us life from a modern angle.

The Convict is a looking-backward, fragrant with tradition, and the mere fact of its quality renders it dangerous in view of the trend of expansion which is sweeping the entertainment world in which we, in England, are so gratifyingly winning a secure position.

Hollywood and Dickens.—Since *The Convict* is being screened, with a possibly different interpretation since Henry Hull, New York's "mystery" character actor is to play Abel Magwitch, it may be argued that Dickens is proved in step with progression as exemplified by Hollywood's programme, but it only confirms my opinion that it is retrogression.

For Hollywood is in many ways in a panic. There is a fearful opinion which is gaining greater credence through the big business advisory office's graphs, charts, forecasts, and figures upon which America, stock-taking, bases her future plans. And that opinion is that perhaps Hollywood is losing her supreme spinning of the hub of the wheel of the film industry, and that that may shift to London.

Hollywood watches with rounder and rounder eyes the fact that political upheavals and changes have, for example, lost to her once formidable rival, Germany, in Sweden alone, 45 per cent. of the film trade, but only 26 per cent. of that was captured by America; Hollywood notices that not only has German film-export business sustained 80 per cent. total loss, but so many of the "great" camera-men, such as designers, directors, technicians, as well as the artists who created the former profit, are working from choice—not in Hollywood, but in London.

So Hollywood is buying names, in consequence. "Dickens" is a good name, so is "Bengal Lancer"; it paid a great deal of money for that christening of a different story. Hollywood has realized that there is a new régime of film-making, and one, for example, which Mr. Korda, having picked Hollywood's brains, demonstrates in London, can be made to pay very handsomely. Hollywood is wondering whether perhaps it knows quite as much as it thought it did, and is not as happy, when its stars prove willing enough to play in British studios.

It has reached the admission that if America, helped by the terms of exchange during the past year, is still first in the motion-picture business, then England is indubitably second. When it is considered that there is spent every day in England over a quarter of a million for the payment of seats in cinemas, the value to England of this expansion in this now established new industry can be, to some degree, realized.

Two Notable Pictures.—It is going to be interesting, from the commercial point of view, to see which of the two big films of the week will prove the greater financial success—the British *Dictator*, the Toeplitz production which after its Paris opening is showing at the Tivoli, or the American *Bengal Lancer* at the Carlton; both are vast productions, exploiting, however, different methods.

The Dictator has a weak story and thin dialogue, but the lavishness of its settings and costumes, the finish of its acting, its somewhat arrogant confidence in its own value, mark it out as a tremendous step forward in British picture making.

Another point it scores is with the rippling music of Karol Rathaus, the more important in value since it is so welded with the pictured movement that it is almost unnoticeable, while yet giving the film far more meaning than its dialogue.

Mr. Toeplitz is perhaps a little staircase-minded. The Court of Denmark's King Christian and his English princess tramp so often, in buckled shoes or billowing silks, up and down, up and down the vast marble steps, which must have cost much to build, and which no "seven maids with seven mops" even in half a year could ever sweep down! But it is a very decorative Court, and looks most impressive on the staircase, which might after all be used again in another production as the Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

The *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, however, has a vastness of a different sort. There is some curious implication of felinity to me in the change of title from that given by Major Yeats Brown to his discarded book. But when Paramount state that not one second of the four years occupied in the making of this American portrayal of British idealism has been wasted, they are not being very inaccurate.

There is magnificent photography—as magnificent as the mountain peaks and rugged valleys it shows, which awe one into further admiration of those who, striving amid them, are not dwarfed by such grandeur, but ennobled.

It is, in understanding, interpretation, and in the care lavished upon it, a picture which is a very great compliment to the British nation from the American; the more astonishing, perhaps, in consequence, since for so long we have been apt to ridicule American efforts to portray either British life or British character. Moreover, the brilliant humour which runs throughout, which might so easily in so much treading of hallowed ground have been, to a British audience, offensive, adds lustre to a rich story which contains—a unique feature—no heroine.

"THE PRIME MINISTER OF MIRTH" IN SHAKESPEARE: Robert Atkins (producer), Nora Colton, George Robey, Sanchia Robertson, and John Drinkwater, seen at a rehearsal for the forthcoming production of *Henry IV* at His Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Robey will play the part of Sir John Falstaff

EVERGREEN: Marie Tempest as she was in 1884, the year before she made her first appearance in London. On May 30 next she will celebrate her jubilee on the stage, and a great all-star matinée will be held to mark the occasion

CRUFT'S

Canine Personalities at the Famous Show

WHITE FANG OF KOBE: Mrs. D. L. Perry's beautiful Samoyed, which was awarded a challenge certificate on the first day of the show. This breed appears to be becoming increasingly popular

DARENTH JENESTA: Miss S. C. Macleod's Dandie Dinmont, winner of a challenge certificate in its class. The show, which closed on Thursday of last week, attracted a record number of entries

THE RUNNER-UP: Mrs. V. A. M. Mannooch's exceptionally handsome Chow Chow, Ch. Choonam Hang Kwong, which was rated second to Pennine Prima Donna, champion dog at Cruft's

SERENADE O SILIAN

The Rev. D. Stewart's prizewinning Welsh Springer Spaniel

Mrs. W. M. D. Wills' Mischief, another noteworthy winner

THE BEST OF THE BEAGLES

IN SEARCH of MARY READ

An Account of a Visit to Breda, where the Woman Soldier and Pirate is Supposed to have Set Up an Inn

By ROY ELSTON

BREDA CASTLE, now used as the Royal Military Academy, near which Mary Read's Inn of The Three Horseshoes is said to have been situated

SIEGE BY STEALTH: A watergate in the walls of Breda. It was at such a spot that Maurice of Nassau and sixty-eight picked men entered the town in 1590 by concealing themselves under the turf in a peat boat. They took the Spanish garrison completely by surprise

THERE is nothing to be done about the nosiness of human nature; and when a pair of playwrights present us with a new heroine based upon fact, it is only natural that we should want to know more about her. It is of little consequence that the lady's birth and death were both ignominious; in between were adventures enough; and, besides, to be born a bastard and die a felon is itself a considerable adventure.

Such was the beginning and the end of Mary Read, and the beginning had much to do with the end. Foisted upon the grandparent of her dead baby-brother, who had been born in wedlock, as that baby-brother himself, the illegitimate Mary Read began her masquerade at a very tender age; and liked it well enough to continue the deception, with a short interlude of married life in Holland, until the end of her days. She died of fever in a Jamaican prison—shortly after her trial for the crime of piracy.

Her piratical career is the most exciting phase of her life. The stage success, *Mary Read*, makes that fact delightfully evident, basing, I suspect, its rollicking account of Mary the Pirate on the story described at some length by Captain Charles Johnson in a volume on British piracy, published in 1724. It is a story of good old-fashioned blood and thunder, which is just a little bloodier, and a trifle more thunderous, in the modern versions (in addition to the play there is a kind of novel-biography of Mary Read, published a few weeks ago), than in the eighteenth-century story.

Captain Johnson also tells us, with much less detail, that Mary Read served in Flanders as a trooper during the wars of the Spanish Succession and, falling in love with a comrade, married him. The two then set up an inn, called The Three Horseshoes within the walls of Breda, a Dutch garrison town which frequently figures in the struggle between the Allies and Louis XIV. The inn was popular among the officers of the garrison, but when the Peace of Rijswijk, in 1697, brought with it the disbandment of most of the allied regiments established at Breda, The Three Horseshoes began to languish. On top of that, Mary's husband died; and the intrepid young woman therefore sold the inn, resumed male attire and joined the Dutch army. She soon tired of peace-time soldiering and, still as a man, went to sea in a Dutch ship. The ship was captured by pirates, who took Mary a prisoner; and thence-forward begins the career of piracy which ended with her death in a Jamaican prison.

Possessed of such lurid details concerning her piratical escapades, one feels that Mary Read's life in Holland, first as trooper, then as wife and innkeeper, should also have had its spice of adventure, and perhaps of villainy; or did she, with the donning of the skirt, don also the virtues and the modesty of her sex? It is very probable. Captain Johnson relates that she successfully, and for some considerable time, resisted the efforts of her comrade-lover to make her his mistress; it was her own story, given during the trial for piracy, and the gallant Captain sees no reason to doubt Mary's virtue in that respect. They are adventures of another kind which one looks for in the life of Mary Read, and a good starting point from which to look for them is the town of Breda.

The inn called The Three Horseshoes was established there. To-day, at Breda, there is a well-known brewery called De Drie Hoefijzers, which is Dutch for The Three Horseshoes. Is there any connection between this brewery and Mary's inn? Besides, Breda has been an important barony for I do not know how many hundreds of years, and in its handsome *Stadhuis* are great rooms filled with archives from almost the earliest foundation of the city: marriages, deaths, legal findings, property-ownership, taxation statistics; Mary was married, her husband died, and she had an inn "close to the castle"; in the light of these facts, a trip to Breda was justified.

One comes to Breda through the unfertile acres of North Brabant; a poor peasantry, chewing tobacco under the eaves of their low, thatched farm-houses; a Catholic peasantry, with shrines along the roadside, and priests in cassocks smoking big cigars (at a penny each), and nuns in petticoats bowling along on bicycles. A Catholic land with Gothic church-towers pricking the sky, the churches still warm and jolly, as they were meant to be, with the warm decorations their architecture requires, and the jolly fripperies their religion permits; contrasting, as the people do, with the cold, white-washed churches of the Calvinistic North.

The beautiful Gothic Church of Our Lady is Breda's centrepiece. Everything is close to it: the *Stadhuis*, the castle, the markets; Mary Read must have passed it daily on her way between the inn and the markets, because Captain Johnson says that The Three Horseshoes was close to the Castle; and the Castle was close to the Church of Our Lady, and on the other side were the markets. The *Stadhuis* of Breda, a charming Dutch Renaissance building with exterior staircase, looks across the market square to the Church; but its date is much later than Mary Read. No matter, the archives it preserves, in bindings of lovely ivory parchment, are old enough to closet some secret of her life.

The archivist was gentle and forbearing: a lady—all archivists should be ladies; their pretty touch is needed to confirm the romance of yellow parchment and of the faded symbols of antique scribes; and besides, they will go to much more trouble about a person like Mary Read than will their male colleagues, who are inclined to dismiss such people as frivolous phantoms. But all the trouble the Breda archivist went to was of no avail. Mary Read, under that name, nor any other possible name, was neither married, buried, hanged, taxed, imprisoned, fined, nor in any way taken notice of, in a civic sense, during her residence at Breda.

The first conclusion is that she did not buy, but hired, the house in which she followed the trade of innkeeper; the second is that she behaved herself as a good innkeeper should; the third is that she may have been subject to the military, rather than the civic, authorities; and a possible conclusion is that the whole story of her marriage, and her proprietorship of The Three Horseshoes, was sheer invention, made up at the piracy trial in Port Royal to serve as evidence in Mary's favour. There is something, to which I shall come presently, which shows that if it were not sheer invention it was at least a strange coincidence.

Meanwhile, what of The Three Horseshoes? The inn is no longer in existence. The castle, close to which it was situated, has also largely disappeared. There remains an attractive old watergate, called the Spanjaardsgat, through which a Dutch bargee poled his barge, laden with Dutch soldiers under an innocent covering of turf, to the discomfiture of the Spanish garrison inside. Other parts of the castle are preserved in the buildings of the Royal Military Academy, which is the Sandhurst of Holland, and which must have been built on the site of the castle shortly after Mary Read had left Breda; for Stadhouder William III of Holland, King of England, was the builder, and it was under this king that Mary Read served in Flanders.

There are some attractive old houses in the vicinity, with characteristic step-pyramid gables, but none of them was ever an inn. There remained the possibility that the brewery known as The Three Horseshoes might be the outcome of Mary's inn, although the name is a common one in Holland. It is a huge complex of modern buildings, with nothing anywhere to suggest a seventeenth-century inn; a prosperous affair with a dozen entrances, motor vans by the score, private railway sidings, steam sirens, charming directors, and an all-pervading smell of malt. Little wonder that the gentleman who listened to my tale of masquerade, romance, and piracy, refused to admit the slightest association of the brewery with the inn of Mary Read.

(*Continued on p.* 254)

THE SURRENDER OF BREDA: The famous painting by Velásquez in the Museo del Prado, Madrid. It shows Spinola, the Genoese soldier of fortune and commander of the Spanish forces in the Netherlands, receiving the key of the town from Justin of Nassau after the end of the ten months' siege in June, 1625. Breda has had a turbulent history and has changed hands many times

(With acknowledgments to Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)

Guinness glass Logic

(Adapted by Tweedledum and Tweedledee from the Looking Glass original)

"I know what you're thinking," said Tweedledum suddenly, as Alice stared at them, wondering which was which. "You're thinking that no one could tell us apart. But it isn't so, nohow."

"Contrariwise," said Tweedledee, "there's no need to tell us apart. If you've got anything to say, you can tell us together."

But the words of the old song kept ringing through Alice's head and all she could think of was:

"*Tweedledum and Tweedledee*
Agreed to have a bottle . . . ."

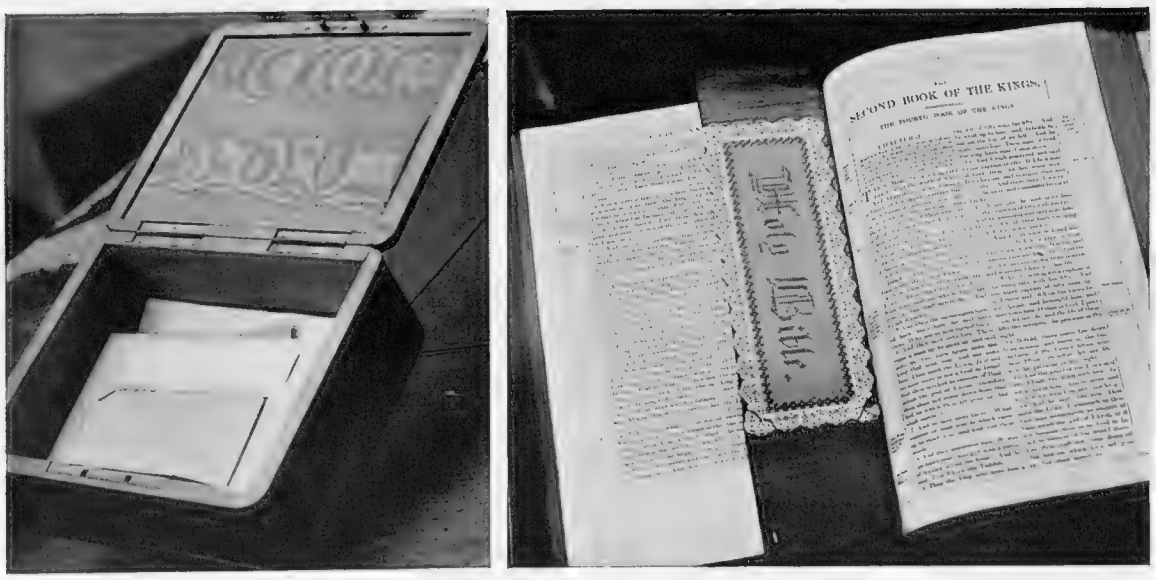
So she said as politely as she could, "I was wondering if *you* could tell *me* the name of that lovely-looking drink you are holding?"

"Of course we could," said Tweedledum. "Anyone could tell a Guinness. Guinness is absolutely distinctive; you can't mistake Guinness for anything else. Nohow!"

"Contrariwise," continued Tweedledee, "you can't mistake anything else for Guinness. Look at its deep, rich colour, its creamy head, and its splendid, refreshing taste—"

"You can't look at a taste, you know," said Alice, "but I suppose you mean that you like Guinness very much?"

"Of course we do," said Tweedledum. "Haven't we just said that there's nothing like it?"



DICKENSIAN RELICS: Two notable lots to be offered at next Monday's sale at Christie's of rare books, autograph letters, etc. *Left*—A carved oak box used by Charles Dickens as a jewel case. It is lined with watered silk and bears the monogram "C.D." in brass on the lid. *Right*—A family Bible that belonged to Dickens' parents. The book-marker was worked by his mother, and on the fly-leaf there is an inscription by his niece

The World of Books

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

This miner's son, this poet, essayist, novelist, critic, dramatist, painter; this wayward and tempestuous genius; this D. H. Lawrence. Goodness knows that while he was alive he excited controversy enough, but that was nothing to the chorus since he died. People of all sorts, and some of them on the merest acquaintance, have written about him; almost every detail of his private life has been delved into, probed, and exhibited to the public gaze by his so-called friends.

Now Mrs. Lawrence has written her book, and written it with such straightforward simplicity and dignity as should silence the literary undertakers for ever. "As for pretending to understand Lawrence or to explain him, I am neither so impertinent nor such a fool." This from the woman who shared the whole of his active and writing life.

"Do I want to blow my own trumpet? Yes, I do. But will it have a clear, rousing sound or will it be a bit wheezy and out of tune? Can I hear the real song of our life, the motifs gay, bold, sad, terrible, or can't I?"

The answer is in this book. **NOT I, BUT THE WIND . . .** (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.). "Would he have jeered at me," Frieda Lawrence asks, "as one of those intellectual females whom he disliked so much? Is it any use, my writing?" I think I know that the answer would be that he entirely approved, would have stormed, and at the same time would have been proud of Frieda for it. Lawrence was always seeking fulfilment: there is so much of both of them in his work. There is the dignity of his own philosophy in this book, and to invest one's intimacies and deepest emotions with dignity is no ordinary achievement.

Born a von Richtofen, of a stiff German aristocracy, Frieda forsook husband and children for a life of poverty with a miner's son who, at that time, had published but one book and had thrown up his job as an elementary school-teacher. Poverty and illness dogged them to the end of Lawrence's life; each was proud, arrogant, quick-tempered, but in their life together his genius flowered, and on his death-bed he composed his last and most beautiful poem, "Give me the moon at my feet," which was to Frieda.

"Then we buried him, very simply, like a bird we put him away, a few of us who loved him." This is Frieda's book. Lawrence can be discovered in his own writings. That is all we need to know.

Two young people, attractive and intelligent, go mountain climbing in Cumberland and wake up in hell. There they are greeted by an affable consul.

"You *are* dead! So am I. Please don't let it embarrass you."

Hell itself, and its almost Utopian organization, is the theme of **DAMNATION OF MR. ZINKLER** (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.), a new novel by Mr. Graham Sutton, and more entertaining than anything I have read for a long time.

Mr. Sutton's hell is a kind of humourless New York, where new arrivals are told that they must stay at least three hundred years. That is enough to take the humour out of any situation. But the story is not so much concerned with hell's regular inhabitants as with our two fallen friends and an American film magnate of their acquaintance who arrives, as it were, in the same batch.

To the very last page nothing happens as one expects, and that seems to me a fairly adequate commendation in itself. As for hell, I am almost inclined to agree with the old gentleman in the deerstalker, who greeted one escaped heliion with the words: "You'd have done better to stop in hell!"

Did you go to your first race meeting in a perambulator at the age of one? Or discover a "great stayer" by accident? Or notice that backers are always in a hurry? Or even been told by the "lad wot does Pigeon Toes" that they "weren't 'avin' a pop at Liverpool"?

None of these things had ever happened to me either, until I read about them in Mr. Arthur J. Sarl's very lively book **HORSES, JOCKEYS, AND CROOKS** (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.).

Most of us, at least those who read the racing news know Mr. Sarl better as Larry Lynx, and we also know that what Larry Lynx doesn't understand about racing is not worth writing. He has followed the careers of hundreds of jockeys, and possibly thousands of horses. He also knows a few things about the less creditable followers of the Turf, whom he so briskly, and so rightly, calls crooks.

Grand entertainment for anyone who cares about the Turf. Lord Lonsdale has written the foreword.

RIDING AND HORSEMANSHIP (Philip Allan. 5s.) is the first volume of the Sportsman's Library, an excellent new collection of books on sporting matters. Each subject is to be handled by a recognized expert in that particular branch, and the series will be in the authentic tradition of the old Badminton Library.

There is a strange futility, not without a kind of pot-pourri charm of its own, about reminiscences of the Royal court in Vienna during the 'seventies and 'eighties.

SECRETS OF A ROYAL HOUSE (John Long. 18s.) is chiefly remarkable for the stories it tells about the Empress Elizabeth of Austria and her children, both official and unofficial.

The author is Countess Larisch von Wallersee-Wittelsbach, a niece of the Empress, who was, from childhood, one of Elizabeth's intimates, although a great deal younger than her imperial aunt. Her stories have the authentic ring of truth about them, although some are a little surprising.

"This Girl of Sassetot—the child for whom Aunt Sissy has hungered as 'one all her own'—was to become the mother of Elissa Landi of screen fame. For the time being, however, little Caroline was to remain 'The Secret of an Empress.'"

Elizabeth, the Empress, the author's Aunt Sissy, is a delightfully real figure, as gay and intelligent and unconventional as legend has always made her, and, as far as I could see from the photographs, much more attractive.

If you want the sensation of taking part in a revolution without any physical danger you should read Dr. Goebbel's diary, **MY PART IN GERMANY'S FIGHT** (Hurst and Blackett. 15s.).

It covers the period of the rise to power of the Nazi party, that is to say, from the beginning of 1932 to the middle of 1933, and gives the history of those hectic months from the point of view of one of the most important participators.

The whole book, with its short, crisp sentences is an expression of an atmosphere of struggle, fighting, murders, pandemonium, high-speed elections, and high-tension speeches.

The breathless pace of the telling is the pace at which their life was actually lived.

> "Once more eternally on the move. Work has to be done standing, walking, driving, flying. The most urgent conferences are held on the stairs, in the hall, at the door, or on the way to the station. It nearly drives one out of one's senses."

In the middle of this strenuous campaigning Dr. Goebbel's criticisms of a Wagner opera or of Greta Garbo come strangely, but they are genuine, intimate, and curiously human.

IN SEARCH OF MARY READ

(Continued from p. 252)

He seemed to dislike the idea of antecedents—and quite rightly, too—they are dangerous; but archivists love them, and the archivist at Breda pointed out to me that in a certain street was a fine old house built in 1536 by a wealthy brewer called Hendrik van den Corput. That house is lived in to-day by the Heer Frans Smits, proprietor of The Three Horseshoes. Throughout its history it has passed through various ownerships, and although it is impossible to trace the name of Mary Read in connection with it, there is more than a remote possibility that this is the original inn of The Three Horseshoes.

In a way, the search for Mary Read at Breda was disappointing. As far as her career as wife and innkeeper is concerned she must, I fear, be declared as virtuous in the first instance, and law-abiding in the second; for only the virtuous and the orderly go unremembered; so virtuous and so law-abiding that a certain Dutch bibliophile with whom I discussed Mary's story, said: "Don't you think it is possible that the story of Mary Read, as far as her sojourn in Holland is concerned, must be considered as a tale of fiction, made up from facts out of the life of Lys Sint Mourel?"

"Who the devil is Lys Sint Mourel?"

That is where the second search began. Who was Lys (Elizabeth) Sint Mourel, and why should Mary Read's story be associated with hers? Well, Lys Sint Mourel was a woman who masqueraded as a man, served as a soldier during the wars of the Spanish Succession, fell in love with a comrade and married him; and, leaving the army, set up an inn at Breda, which was called—no: not The Three Horseshoes—The Sun Inn!

Lys Sint Mourel appears to have been somewhat earlier than Mary Read; her inn at Breda must have been in existence when Mary Read, under suspiciously similar circumstances, set up as a rival with The Three Horseshoes. There is no doubt whatever about Lys Sint Mourel: her history can be traced at Breda and in certain pamphlets of the time, through the villainies of her remarkable son, Jacob Campo Wyerman, who was renowned as a painter, praised for his writings, accepted as a scholar, and feared as a thorough-going scoundrel. He was probably one of the first recorded confidence-tricksters; and his travels in France and England were usually extensive and rapid, because he quickly made each new town he visited too hot for him.

BREDA'S CENTREPIECE: The beautiful tower of the Church of Our Lady

His mother, on the other hand, was a courageous and virtuous woman. As a young girl she was employed at an inn in Brabant. One night a visiting French traveller entered her bedroom and pressed his attentions upon her so forcibly that the girl took a knife and drove it into his stomach. Fearing the consequences, Lys Sint Mourel escaped from the inn and, after wandering through the countryside, eventually donned male clothing and joined a company of Spanish Fusiliers fighting on the side of Holland against Louis XIV of France.

She proved to be a brave and resourceful soldier and in due time she was promoted to the rank of sergeant. Finally, in one of the reckless charges for which she had become famous throughout the whole army, Lys Sint Mourel was seriously wounded, and her sex, for the first time, it is said, was discovered. Shortly after her recovery she was commanded into the presence of William of Orange, who praised her for her great courage and gave her a life pension of 200 guldens annually.

She then married one Jacob Wyerman and, like Mary Read was to do in a few years, set up an inn at Breda, which was called The Sun. The archives at Breda record two inns of that name, dating from the end of the seventeenth century, and one of these might very easily have been that in which the ex-sergeant of Fusiliers set up her establishment.

Having failed in my search at Breda for anything definite concerning The Three Horseshoes, I console myself, therefore, with this: That if I have not found Mary Read, I have at least found Lys Sint Mourel and that cheerful rogue, her son. I have no wish to be disloyal to Mary; but even in adventure, and certainly in romance, Lys was her equal, although Mary has beaten her to the theatre.

Monte Carlo

The faces of the dancers are eager and expectant. Every experience, however slight or however important, here touches a wider and deepened sensibility. For the life of Monte Carlo has quickened their senses, and herein, perhaps, is to be detected one secret of the perpetual and indescribable attraction of the place, not only for those new to it, but for those who, familiar with all the world and its most enchanting resorts, are elsewhere liable, from the very surfeit of their pleasures, to the onslaught of boredom. But never here.

Osbert Sitwell

You may not be aware that twice weekly the return fare to Monte Carlo (including sleepers) is subject to considerable reduction.
Staying in Monte Carlo is not expensive even at the best hotels, where an extremely attractive feature, the "pension tournante," gives you the right to take your meals at the "Sporting Club" or the Café de Paris as well as in the hotel restaurants.

SOME OF THE NEW K.C.s who were called within the Bar at the Law Courts this week. The names of those called were:—Mr. Paul Sandlands, Mr. Ralph Sutton, Mr. Jacques Abady, Mr. St. John Hutchinson, Mr. John Thorpe, Mr. Cuthbert Snowball Rewcastle, Mr. W. N. Stable, Mr. Godfrey Vick, Mr. Malcolm Trustram Eve, Mr. Kenneth Carpmael, Mr. Frederic Sellers, Mr. David Davies, Mr. Henry Willink, Mr. Charles Harman, Mr. William Morris, and Mr. John Radcliffe

"THE QUEEN OF THE AIR" DOWN IN THE SEA: The U.S. airship *Macon*, the largest of its kind in the world, which was wrecked off the coast of California on Tuesday evening while returning from manœuvres with the fleet. Of her twenty officers and sixty-three crew, all but two are reported to have been rescued by warships and coastguard vessels. The *Macon* was the sister ship of the *Akron*, which crashed into the Atlantic with the loss of seventy-three lives in April 1933

FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS the State coach of the Speaker of the House of Commons passed through the streets of London, when it was loaded on to a lorry and taken to a coachbuilding works, where it will be overhauled in readiness for the forthcoming Silver Jubilee celebrations

HUSH, HUSH! This streamlined, rubber-tyred, oil-driven rail car, which is believed to be capable of attaining a speed of 95 m.p.h., recently arrived at Tilbury from France and has since done a trial run. The driver occupies a raised observation tower giving a view of the line in both directions. Great secrecy is being maintained regarding the car

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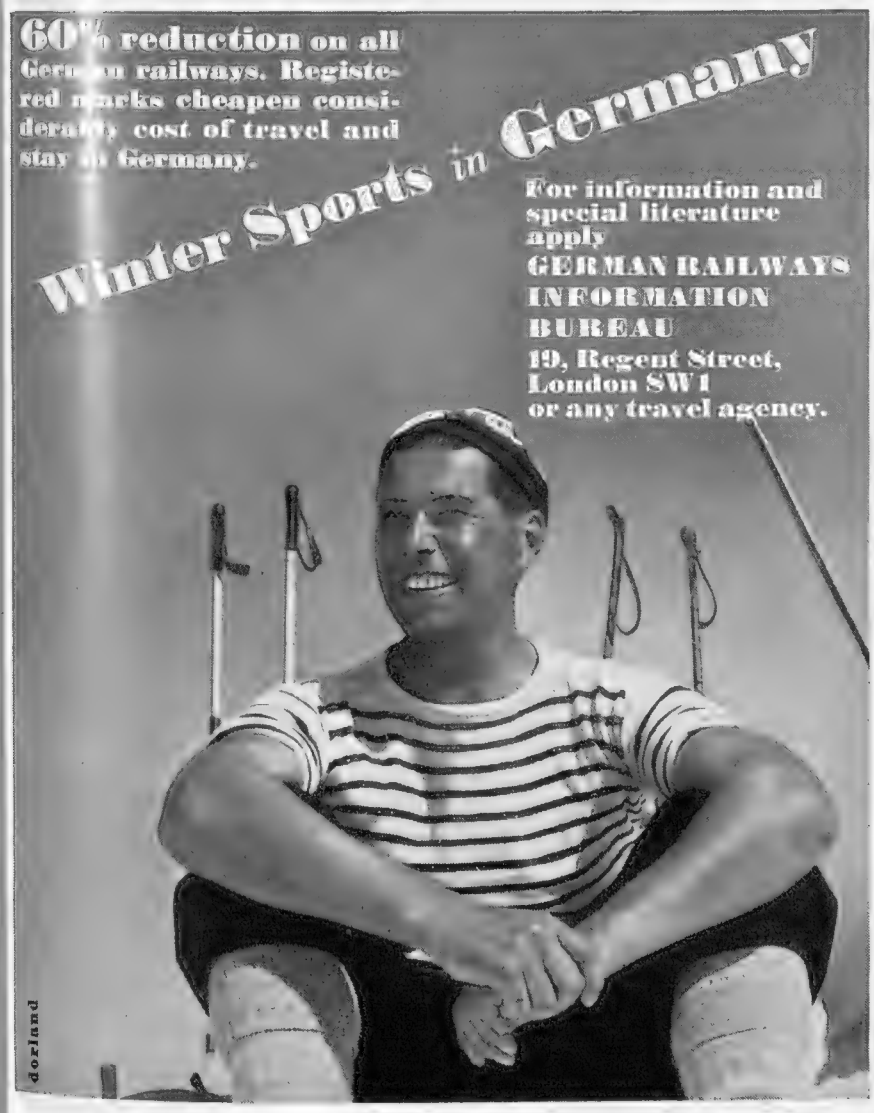

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REWARD OF TALENT: Miss Eve Pryor, a young London artist, who has won the £50 prize offered for the best design for a poster to advertise this year's International Horse Show at Olympia. She is seen here putting the finishing touches to her work

WHERE THE "FORTY IMMORTALS" FORGATHER

(Continued from p. 234)

to-day his bust occupies the other side of Napoleon in the entrance hall with Molière.

On other occasions the Academy found itself in open conflict with the Crown. Perhaps the best-known instance is that of Louis XV and the encyclopedists and philosophers of his reign, who were questioning the very foundations of the social order. Fat Louis didn't want any of that kidney around and proceeded to invent and impose a right of veto.

The Revolution fairly hauled the Academy into its maelstrom. It was swept away and many of its members met their deaths, notably Bailly of the "Serment du Jeu de Paume." "You are shivering, Bailly," said the executioner. "Yes, but it is with the cold," replied the Academician. Condorcet took poison to escape the recent invention of Dr. Guillotin. Chamfort shot himself. Chenier was guillotined.

And then came Bonaparte, so-called "second founder" albeit, as Cæsar subsequently, he could no more brook philosophers than had a Louis. Out went Chateaubriand. Ding-dong. Back come the Bourbons, and promptly are excluded: Cambacères, Lucien Bonaparte, and Siéyes. And back comes Chateaubriand.

Since 1871 the Academy has been complacently bourgeois without any serious flare-ups. I have told how it functions. "But what are the precise qualifications?" people ask. "Literary? What did Foch ever write in the way of master prose?" The answer is that in its present edition the Académie Française admits the illustrious of its time, be they scientists, physicians, soldiers, diplomats, statesmen, churchmen, publicists, provided they have put up a publication of some sort, however modest a monograph. Of course literature remains the essence of the body, yet so many prominent men are, as it happens, highly literary. Take Barthou and Poincaré. On the other hand, a tiny piece of prose on Foch, from Weygand, got the latter in, and Pétain didn't have to write anything at all.

One who is gently tapping at the door is Edouard Herriot, whose "Recamier" and "Forêts Normandes" might well qualify him if he had roused less political animosities. On the whole the present Immortals have never painted the Seine any resplendent colour, nor does any one of their number really seem likely to do so—I mean on the scale of an Anatole, perhaps the last, or, I should say, most recent of the giants. Of course, no woman sits.

What is the attitude of the 1935 public to the Academy? It smiles at it; at its weird awarding of virtue and big-family prizes under the Cognacq-Jay foundation; at its recent Grammar, almost as comical as G.B.S.'s B.B.C.; at its absurd slowness; at its green uniforms and cocked-hats; at its jibbing at words every Frenchman has long automatically used; but make no mistake about it, the French as a whole are jolly proud of their Academy. Criticism may be incessant—the most urgent being that outside these doors stand knocking eternally young impatient writers consecrated to new forms and experimenting with new ideas. The Académie Française will have none of that sort of thing. It is there to pin down the tongue, not to play about with it. In this, it notably differs from our own concept. We treat the language as a living, growing thing. We desire to record it where the Immortals are determined only to standardize.

Nevertheless, I think we raise a glass to the Académie, and many happy returns of the Century.

A BLACK SWAN FROM AUSTRALIA sitting on its eggs at Whipsnade open-air zoo. The two parent birds take it in turns to hatch out their young

WHILE NELSON LOOKS ON: A 12-ft. model of the *Alcantara* being wheeled across Trafalgar Square to the offices of the Royal Mail Line, where it is to be used for window display purposes

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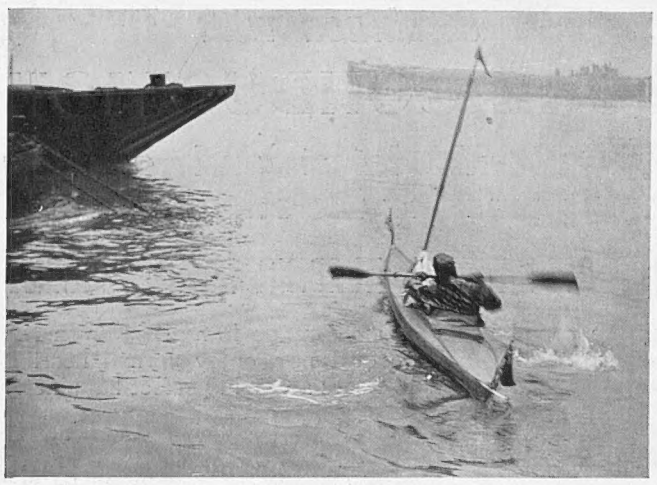
THE WIMBLEDON OF TABLE TENNIS: Miss J. Ruth, daughter of the famous baseball star, "Babe" Ruth, playing with Miss H. Ovenden, the American champion, in one of the matches at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, where the World Table Tennis Championships have been in progress this week. Representatives of over eighteen nations have been competing

IN THE MIXED DOUBLES: Herr E. Kohn (Austria) and Miss M. H. Sohn, two notable players in the World Table Tennis Championships. During the first few days of the tournament the English teams did particularly well, but later they were eclipsed by those of Hungary and Czechoslovakia, which in the closing stages were leading both in the Swaythling Cup (men) and the Marcel Corbillon Cup (women)



PRELUDE TO MISADVENTURE: Mr. Leslie Fairnie setting out from Westminster Pier last Monday on his attempt to win the prize of £5,000 offered by an American newspaper to the first man to cross the Atlantic in a canoe. He had only just started when he was caught by the tide and swept between two barges, his little craft immediately capsizing

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

H.R.H. the Duke of Kent has graciously consented to preside at the annual meeting of the Society at Queen's Hall, Langham Place, on Wednesday, May 29, at 3 o'clock. Tickets for reserved seats at 5s. and 2s. 6d. may be obtained from the headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

THE END OF A RECORD-BREAKING ATTEMPT: Mr. Fairnie seen with his gear and stores after he had been rescued from the Thames following the capsizing of his ocean-going canoe. He had planned to cross the Channel, hug the coast as far as Lisbon, and then strike out for America via the Azores. He is now reported to have started out again

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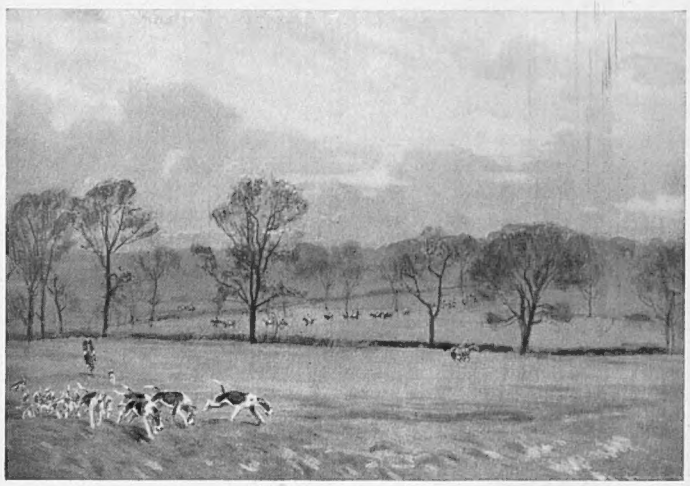

The Pytchley Hounds at Crick.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

G., Cornwall (Bermuda).—Boats of the Pacific Steam Navigation Co., the Leyland Line and Fyffes Line call at Bermuda. The return 2nd class fare by Pacific Steam Navigation Co. is £36, while the return 1st class fare by Fyffes Line ranges from £50. At the Cedars, in Somerset Parish (a boarding house) you would get terms from 12s. per day, and at the Everest Hotel in Hamilton Parish from 17s. per day.

D., Yorks (Mediterranean sea trip).—The following lines run cargo boats to the Mediterranean: Prince Line, from London every three weeks to Malta, Alexandria, Jaffa, Haifa, Beyrout, Cyprus and back, carrying twenty passengers, the return fare for the five to six weeks voyage ranging £40–£50; Ellerman Line, from Liverpool every month, to Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Palermo, Messina, Catania, Bari, Ancona, Venice, Trieste, and Fiume, carrying eight passengers, the return fare for the eight weeks' voyage being £50; Ellerman Line, from London or Liverpool every fortnight to Gibraltar, Algiers, Oran, Patras, Piræus, Syra, Volo, Salinca, Istanbul, and occasionally Constanza, carrying eight passengers, the return fare for the eight or ten weeks' voyage being £45 (Black Sea ports £50); Nordenfjeldske S. S. Co., from London every fortnight, to Patras, Piræus, Salonica, Greek Islands, Calamata, Messina, Palermo, Naples, and Valencia, carrying four passengers, the return fare for the sixty-eight days' voyage being calculated at the rate of 15s. per day.

H., Lancs. (Italy).—The return 1st class fare from London to Naples, via Dover–Calais, is £20 15s. The supplement for the 1st class sleeping berth from Calais to Rome being £6 15s. The return 2nd class fare from London to Naples, via Newhaven-Dieppe is £13 6s., the supplement for the 2nd class sleeper from Paris to Rome being £4 16s. These fares include the reduction of 50 per cent. granted by the Italian State Railways, the tickets being valid for 45 days. You would leave London at 11 a.m., arriving in Rome at 7.5 p.m. on the following day. You could either travel on to Naples by the 7.20 p.m. train, arriving there at 10.5 p.m., crossing over to Capri the next morning, or stay the night in Rome.

K., Yorks (Spain).—The three best hotels in San Sebastian are the Cristina, the Continental Palace, and the Excelsior. The only one of these actually overlooking the Concha Beach is the Continental Palace, though the smallest is the Excelsior. There is a casino at San Sebastian, containing a theatre and restaurant, but gambling is forbidden in Spain. A good phrase-book is Hugo's *All You Want in Spain*.

Hints to Travellers

NEWS FOR VISITORS TO ITALY

An extensive programme of fêtes has been arranged at Capri for the spring season. The carnival celebrations include a ball in traditional Capri costumes, a battle of narcissi, masked balls, and "masquerade" balls, culminating in a grand demonstration with open-air festivities on the night of Shrove Tuesday (March 5). The historical Good Friday procession, with the festival of St. Costanzo, the patron saint of Capri, on May 13, will also provide spectacles of unusual historical interest. On St. Costanzo's Day the great silver statue of the saint is welcomed in the streets with showers of blossoms, and the celebrations end in the evenings with firework displays.

Three folders, dealing with Florence, Milan, and Genoa, complete with street maps of each city, have recently been published by the Italian State Tourist Department. They draw attention briefly to the outstanding points of interest, and will be useful to the tourist whose stay in any one of these places is limited in time.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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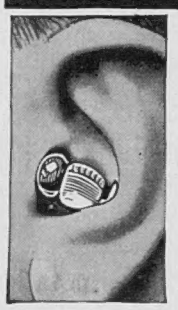

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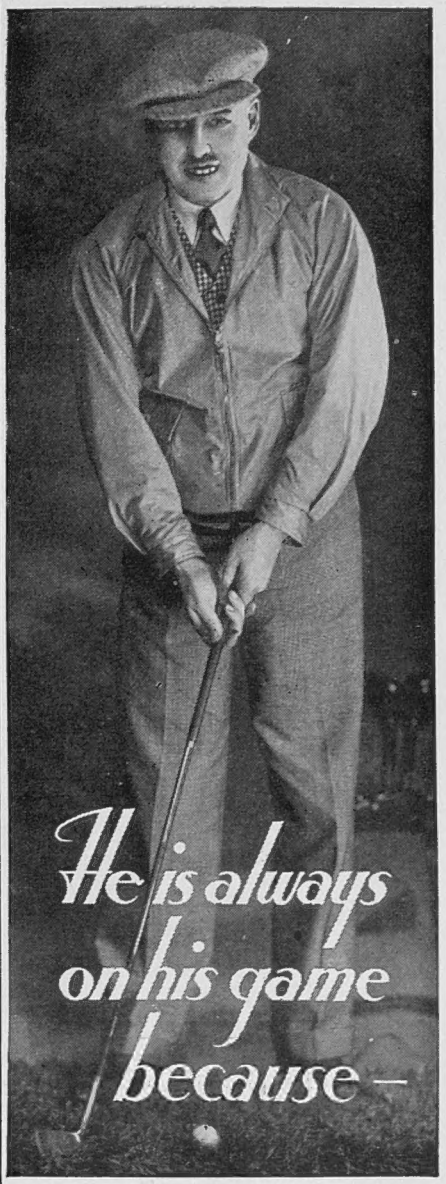

HE'S always at the top of his form, and is the envy and admiration of his partners both in the office and on the golf links. If you asked him he'd tell you that it was that morning glass of Kutnow's which kept him so fit and well.

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START THIS STORY AND YOU WILL WANT TO READ EVERY PAGE IN THIS FINE MAGAZINE

"HE surrounded himself only with those things which could gratify eye or intellect. The originality and grace of his entourage attracted the attention of Nero, and Petronius entered the privileged group that surrounded the Emperor.

In a short time he became his intimate friend. Nero gradually accepted all Petronius' suggestions, and Tacitus says that soon the Emperor enjoyed nothing that did not derive directly from Petronius.

A banquet prepared under the supervision of Petronius was a spectacle of beauty undreamed of and fantastic. Art was wedded to good taste, bold originality to unlimited resource. The selection of vessels, the combination of colours, the complicated machinery installed invisibly in the ivory ceilings so that it seemed the heavens rained rose-petals that changed colour as they fell to the table, wine spouting from amphoræ held by the gilded Danaids that stirred suddenly to unexpected life, the music, the women, their garments. . . . All reflected the personality of Arbiter Elegantiarum. What wonder he became the indispensable companion of Nero . . .

* * *

A duel started between Petronius and Tigellinus, the Prefect of the Pretorian Guard. If they had both been of the same nature, Rome would have seen a brilliant competition of wit and talent: but Tigellinus was an enemy who stabbed in the dark: Petronius preferred to fight in the open.

Tigellinus believed in well-studied, well-prepared undermining. Far from being strong enough to meet his adversary with the same weapons, he set out to ruin Petronius by any means. And the most infallible—poison in the ear of Nero.

When diplomacy is degraded to the service of hypocrisy, it is difficult to detect what is really intended as a preparation for an unseen blow to follow.

Petronius was on the *qui vive*. He well knew his danger . . .

* * *

At a given moment slaves bore into the middle of the room—a huge bath.

It was filled with hot water, scented with oils of Sicilian Bergamot, festooned with ropes of roses. . . . Petronius rose with a smile. He waved a hand all round, saluted his friends, bade them go on with the feast, sing, laugh, drink without ceasing.

'Let me die with this scene in my eyes, these sounds in my ears,' he said.

As though he were leading a bride to the marriage bed, he led his beloved to the bath.

The expression of his face changed not one whit. Neither did hers. She felt in that deathly love, that lovely death, the thrill of a thousand nights. . . . Her ecstasy was unbearable to behold. Together they swayed, locked in each other's arms, the length of the bath. . . . They kissed the kiss of life on the threshold of death. There was a flash of white—and a bandage slipped from a wrist to the floor. . . . The music played on. . . .

* * *

When the messenger handed the parcel to Nero, the Emperor thought it was Petronius' will. It was usual to leave legacies to the Emperor, especially after an order of execution, in the hope of saving either the lives of or property for the relicts of the family.

But from Petronius?

No adulation, no legacies, no compliments.

The parcel contained a book, written in complete secrecy. The book described in a cloak of picturesque, graceful, euphuistic language the inner story of those shameful, shameless, famous, infamous orgies of which Nero was the leader. The names were changed but the characters were clear. Details of which he was supposed to be ignorant were recorded—an immortal catalogue of a less than mortal Emperor . . ."

Thrilling? Every line will intrigue and interest you—read it all . . . "Petronius Arbiter," written and illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

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